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The Week

A PLAN for the financial rehabilitation of Nicaragua has just been made public by the American State Department. Its author is Dr. W. W. Cumberland, who was for several years Financial Advisor and General Receiver for Haiti. While his investigation of Nicaraguan affairs was made at the request of the American government, his plan does not—as yet—have the official approval of our State Department, and its publication may be taken as a trial balloon to see what is the effect upon public opinion. In sum, the plan provides such a degree of American interference in Nicaraguan affairs that, once we got in, we should never get out. An immediate loan of $12,000,000 is proposed, to be followed by others to a total of $30,000,000. Majority control of the Bank of Nicaragua would be bought by Americans, and the bank made the fiscal agent of the government. The Collector General and Auditor General would be Americans, nominated by our Secretary of State and named by the Nicaraguan President. These two officials, with the Finance Minister, would form a committee which could exercise a veto over the budget and over any proposed legislation which would affect Nicaragua's financial position. The Nicaraguan National Guard would be officered for an indefinite period by American Marines. In short, the country would be an even more absolute dependency of the United States in the future than it has been for the past sixteen years. Here is financial imperialism with a vengeance. The adoption of such a plan would undo all the good will Mr. Hoover could create in Latin America by a dozen such trips as he is now undertaking. It would seem to Europeans to confirm everything that has been said about dollar domination. The American people ought not to be embarked upon such an enterprise until they have had a fair opportunity to count all its cost and to realize all its consequences.

THE tragedy of the "Vestris" brought forth one of the worst displays of bad journalism on the part of one section of the American press that has been seen for many years. Before the facts were known, or could possibly have been known, these papers, under screaming headlines, passed judgment on the ship, her commander and her owners. Their criticisms were cabled to England and produced an anti-American outburst in British newspapers of the same type, so that, on top of all the rest, the affair became an international incident of a painful sort. That there is serious blame to be affixed somewhere, there is no doubt; but how it shall be apportioned among the owners, the captain, the United States' steamboat inspection service and the members of the crew, will only be established after the most painstaking inquiry, of which merely the preliminary stages have yet been reached.

ONE thing can be said with definiteness, however: that if the crew is found to have behaved well, it will be in the nature of a miracle. Competition in ocean shipping is so keen that, except in vessels under American registry, the men who work the ship are pitifully underpaid and are treated as little better than savages. They are recruited from the slums of the world's seaports; orders are given them through interpreters; their legal rights are prac-

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tically nonexistent. To expect such men to act in a crisis according to the standards of an Anglo-Saxon code of which they have never even heard, is ridiculous.

GOVERNOR BREWSTER of Maine carried a most important word to the annual conference of Governors at New Orleans from President-elect Herbert Hoover. He called attention to the occasional recurrence of depression and unemployment due to the inability of consumers to buy all that can be made. He pointed out that an expansion of construction work at a time when business was slackening would go far to stimulate demand for labor and materials. Out of an average annual expenditure of about $7,000,000,000 on construction, public authorities spend more than $1,500,000,000. If such projects were authorized far enough in advance, and the actual work were to some degree held up until the need of stimulating employment became apparent, much might be done to stabilize industry. The accumulation of such a construction reserve will, according to Mr. Brewster, be recommended by the new President. The program aimed at is a coöperative one of the federal government, the states and the municipalities, which it is hoped private business will follow in its own interest. While Governor Brewster evidently derived his idea from the analysis of depressions and their cure developed by Messrs. Foster and Catchings in "Profits" and "The Road to Plenty," the proposal for a construction reserve has previously been suggested by many others, and such action would be helpful, regardless of the accuracy of the Foster-Catchings theory in detail. Mr. Hoover himself was largely responsible for the Unemployment Conference of 1922, which recommended this measure. We hope that Mr. Hoover will as President be more active in effectuating it than he was in six years as Secretary of Commerce, and we believe he will be, since it is just the sort of thing which admirably suits his program of intelligent coöperation between business and government.

A FOOTNOTE is in order on the Consolidated Gas Merger in New York, previously discussed in our columns. It will be remembered that the company urged, in its application to the Public Service Commission for permission to absorb the Brooklyn Edison Company, that great economies would result to the benefit of the public. It will be remembered that the Public Committee on Power, through its counsel, Mr. Morris Ernst, appeared before the Commission with a request to be heard against the merger, on the ground, among other things, that great profit might also result, and that the savings to the public should be nailed down before permission to merge was granted. The Commission refused to hear this argument in spite of a request from Governor Smith. On September 27, after the merger was hurriedly sanctioned by the Commission, the company bought full pages in the papers to announce a reduction in electric rates amounting to $4,500,000 a year. On October 26, the financial pages of the papers carried a notice (to which advertising was not given) that dividends had been fixed at a figure which meant an increase equivalent to a dollar a share on the old Consolidated Gas stock and three dollars a share on the old Brooklyn Edison stock. This is a net gain to the stockholders of $31,320,000 per year. Arithmetic shows that the owners benefited from the merger seven times as much as the consumers. What has the Public Service Commission to say to this? Governor-elect Roosevelt has thus, at the very beginning of his term, a telling object-lesson in the weakness of commission control of privately owned utilities.

A COMPREHENSIVE labor law, framed by President-elect Gil of Mexico, will, if it is enacted, attempt to establish in one bound many of the things which workers of countries older in machine industry have won only after years of struggle, if at all. Among its provisions are an eight-hour day and a six-day week, vacations with pay, workmen's compensation, contributory insurance, and a minimum wage based upon the cost of living. An elaborate system of negotiation and arbitration is provided, starting with joint committees in the several plants, and extending up through municipal and state arbitration courts to a national court, whose decision is final, composed of five judges appointed by the President. It is clear that the practical effects of such a system would depend entirely upon the relative strength of organized labor and employers in industry as well as in the government itself. The revolutionary governments in Mexico have so far based the major part of their power upon organized labor, and hence have been friendly to it. Such an arbitrational system, however, would be bitterly opposed by the labor movement in the United States, chiefly because of the dominant position retained in political affairs in this country by the employers.

AS THE American Federation of Labor meets in annual convention, President Green announces that it will begin an organizing drive to double its membership. This is, above all, the present business of organized labor; the most disheartening aspect of the movement since the War has been its failure to grow numerically. Year after year great plans are announced, only to be followed by apparent inactivity. Nothing, apparently, has come of the ambitious project to unionize the automobile industry. Is this just another paper program, a broadside of words? That it may not be entirely so is indicated by the activity this year in the Piedmont district of North Carolina, where an unusual effort to organize a new and growing industrial region has included numerous occupations, has enlisted influential sup-

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port, and has had some success. Unionization of Southern textile mills is urgently necessary, since they pay the lowest wages and work the longest hours of any major industry in the United States. For the same reason, efforts to bring the employees within the realm of collective bargaining may be more successful, as the industry becomes more firmly established, than the attempt to invade the more liberal automobile industry.

THE Federal Trade Commission's investigation of propaganda methods used by the public-utility interests has revealed a grave situation in the schools and colleges. It has been shown that the agents of the utilities have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to bias the judgment of students, at nearly all ages from the kindergarten to the Ph.D. candidate, on the relative merits of public and private ownership. "Textbooks" giving a distorted view of the facts have been distributed in huge quantities; teachers have been put on the utilities' pay-roll for services of nominal value; sinister influence has been used to get men promoted if they were "right," and dismissed if they were not. Nor is such propaganda confined to the power trust; the supporters of militarism are also active and skillful, and have an advantage in that any school officer who resists them can be accused of lack of patriotism. This whole situation is so serious that it is giving thoughtful educators increasing concern. A committee of the National Education Association has just been appointed to look into it; and in the meantime another group, which will be all the more effective because it is unofficial, has been organized, under the title, "The Save-Our-Schools Committee." Its seventy members include some of the most distinguished American schoolmen and women, and its avowed purpose is to save the schools for truth. It will begin by studying in detail the present propaganda efforts, and the best ways to combat them. Here is a committee which was urgently needed, and the New Republic wishes it all success.

Mr. Hoover and Naval Disarmament

A WEEK'S time has not served to modify the bad impression made by Mr. Coolidge's Armistice Day speech. Both in England and France it has caused the sharpest resentment, not so much because of its specific statements as because of its general tone of peevish criticism of these powers. Comment equally ill-advised has been uttered on the other side of the Atlantic and cabled back to America, and the international temperature has been lowered by many degrees. The isolationists in this country have been encouraged in their fight against the Kellogg treaty, and we are now told from Washington that, instead of being fairly certain of ratification at the coming short session of Congress, the treaty will have a much diminished chance of being accepted at a special session, if Mr. Hoover calls one, or at the next regular session. This is partly due to special reasons which have nothing to do with international affairs: the short session will be burdened with farm relief, the appropriation bills, and perhaps with the sixteen-ship naval bill which was left over when Congress adjourned. But it is also partly due to the animosities abroad which, if they were not exactly revealed by Mr. Coolidge's speech, were at least thereby brought freshly into the center of attention.

It is now clear that what Mr. Coolidge said was uttered on his own behalf and not on Mr. Hoover's. Contrary to first impressions, the latter did not see the speech in advance, and there is no reason to believe that he is committed by it in any sense. Of its manner we are entitled to hope that he disapproves; but as to its matter, there is at present no reason to believe that he is in substantial disagreement with the President. Mr. Coolidge is correct in arguing that there was nothing particularly new in his remarks; most of the policies he enunciated had been expressed before, though not with such acerbity. Mr. Hoover has sat in his Cabinet for four years, and has presumably not only agreed with these policies but has had a hand in making them. While this is true, it is possible to hope that the importance of the situation with which he will be confronted when he takes office will impel him to a course of action of which Mr. Coolidge has been psychologically incapable, in regard to the question of naval competition between the United States and Great Britain, which is at present the most serious problem anywhere on the international horizon.

The famous Washington Treaty of 1921, it is now realized, did little for the cause to which it was supposedly devoted. It was not a disarmament conference; it limited one type of vessel, a type which is of dwindling importance and is believed by many naval experts to be altogether obsolete. It limited that type because a race in building was in progress in which the United States threatened to outstrip the rest of the world, since we were at the time the only country which could afford to pay for even the first few years of such a ruinous competition. Even that unimportant degree of limitation was obtained only with the greatest difficulty, and because the diplomats managed to suppress their naval advisors, most of whom were heartbroken at the prospect of any curtailment at all.

Since then, there has been absolutely no movement in the direction of limitation. On the contrary, the Geneva Conference revealed a gulf between the British and American points of view which seems to make the attempt to reach a common ground nearly hopeless. It is the fashion to say that experts should not have been sent to con-

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fer, but diplomats who could sweep aside the opinions of the naval men and come to an agreement based on common sense and a common pacific intention. To some extent that may have been the case, but there were more fundamental differences which would probably have wrecked any conference, no matter how able and well intentioned the negotiators.

The British Admiralty, and the present Tory government which reflects the Admiralty's views, have not yet abandoned the idea that in wartime Great Britain must control the seas. They claim this is essential because without constant imports of foodstuffs the English people would be in danger of starvation; but there is another reason which is equally important—namely, the right to blockade the enemy and starve him out if possible. This would involve, as it did in the last war, the halting of neutral vessels on the high seas and the seizure of their cargoes. To this practice the American Navy Department and the American government are at present opposed; and it is well known that, had we not entered the Great War when we did, we should have run into a very serious collision with Great Britain over her treatment of American vessels on the high seas. When we declared war on Germany, the occasion for dispute disappeared, and the matter has not arisen in any acute form since. Nevertheless, it remains as the most dangerous of issues between the two great English-speaking powers, and as the chief stumbling block to any effective disarmament in regard to cruisers and submarines. While neither side will admit it, when they talk about the fleets which they "need," this is the situation they have in mind. If Great Britain were mainly concerned about a possible submarine blockade cutting off her supplies of foodstuffs, she would not seek to safeguard herself with cruisers but with destroyers; if she were mainly interested in establishing her own blockade of an enemy which was without a powerful fleet of its own, she would resort to submarines. Whatever her naval men may say, there is no doubt that the huge fleet of light cruisers upon which they insist is intended as a high-seas patrol.

Just at present, British plans are based on the expectation that in the next war she will be a belligerent, and those of the United States on an assumption of neutrality. But it is equally possible that these roles will be reversed, and if they are, we shall certainly see the theoretical positions of the two countries interchanged. This has been true in the past: Great Britain before 1914 did not envisage the necessities of the Great War, and argued much as Washington does today. Governments are always opportunist; their sacred and inalienable principles are subject to change without notice, under the urge of necessity.

There can be no relief from this situation until the international rules covering the rights of neutral shipping in wartime are rewritten. Such law as existed prior to the Great War has practically gone by the board; the nations must start again, virtually at the beginning. For this purpose a conference will be necessary, such as Senator Borah has asked in a resolution introduced into the Senate many months ago. It will be a conference much more serious in character than the abortive one at Geneva a year and a half since, and fraught with even dangerous consequences if it should fail.

That Mr. Coolidge will take no such step is as obvious as it is desirable; even the preliminary spade work would take far more time than is left before he retires from office. The problem is therefore put on Mr. Hoover's shoulders. Unless he can solve it, there can be no hope of limitation of armament, and there is some likelihood that the ten years' holiday as to capital ships, which comes to an end in 1932, will not be prolonged. The United States and Great Britain will find themselves where they virtually are today, in an armament race fraught with the most serious consequences possible.

The ratification of the Kellogg treaty should help to create an atmosphere favorable to a new understanding. The New Republic has no delusions about the value of that treaty; it can be useful only in so far as it is supported by a public opinion which would be almost equally valuable if the treaty were not in existence. Ratification is mainly desirable because of the evil consequences which would follow its rejection and not because of any positive benefits which will accrue. Yet it will at least help somewhat to put the burden of proof on the war-makers; it will drive underground some militaristic propaganda which is now openly expressed. The fact of its being signed by the chief powers will give Mr. Hoover an excellent moment at which to approach this vexed question of the recodification of international maritime law. And whether the moment is propitious or not, he must, it seems to us, seize it. The consequence of a failure to do so would be a catastrophe.

Congested Traffic

ONE OF the disturbing elements in the planning, or replanning, of modern cities is the doubt as to whether a given improvement in transit or transportation will not eventually intensify the very evils it is intended to relieve. To enable more people to get out of the congested center of a city between five and six o'clock in the afternoon is also to enable more to get in between eight and nine o'clock in the morning. New York City, for example, had its traffic jams on Broadway seventy-five years ago. It has them still. It is doubtful that the speed of rush-hour traffic in the crowded areas has increased an inch an hour since the invention of the automobile. The subway, a triumph of human ingenuity and imaginativeness, has replaced the surface car, and people travel to Brooklyn un-

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der the river instead of over it. But the crowds are greater than ever. If there has been change, it has been in the direction of barbarism, not away from it.

The city is at present constructing on Manhattan a new north-and-south subway, and at the same time new skyscrapers are being built whose swarms of workers will probably more than jam the new lines when they are opened. In this there may be an economic gain, but there is clearly no gain in human comfort and decency. If the purpose of the city is to increase the well-being of its inhabitants, the subway and the skyscrapers taken together represent one of its monumental failures. The present situation, for nine out of every ten persons who have to travel underground, is, to put it frankly, brutalizing. While the problems of street traffic are not quite so elemental, representing a clash of iron and steel, not of human flesh, a thoroughfare filled with stalled vehicles is nevertheless a contradiction in terms. It is the city in defeat. In New York it represents a loss which has been estimated at a million dollars a day, and in other American communities the loss is in proportion.

These conditions come out of a vicious circle. Increasing population demands better facilities for moving about. Better facilities for moving about tend to increase the population. This is what might be called the Malthusian law of cities. But this is true only if we are talking of facilities for moving into and out of the central district. A study of traffic will always show that it consists of two classes of vehicles—those having business in the central area and those passing through to reach some outside point. The first step in any measure of relief, short of halting or reversing the growth of the city, is to separate these two elements. Every traffic plan of importance must provide for detours. New York's difficulties have been enhanced by the blunder of the city planners of about a century ago, who believed that the essential purpose of streets in the metropolis was to link the Hudson and East River waterfronts, whereas the main flow of travel has turned out to be north and south. Consequently, there are now too many east-and-west thoroughfares and altogether too few running in the other direction. Despite every scheme of traffic control so far devised, New York ties itself up in a knot twice a day from Thirty-fourth to Fifty-ninth Street and almost from river to river. Brooklyn and the Bronx, like Manhattan, have their clotted circulations, which daily bring them to the verge of apoplexy.

In New York, the principle of the detour is about to be applied on a large scale. The President of the Borough of Manhattan has recently announced plans for elevated express highways along both sides of Manhattan, one of which has already been approved by the Board of Estimate. This speedway, running along the Hudson River to join Riverside Drive at Seventy-second Street, will cost $13,500,000—a cheap price for a thoroughfare which will carry 5,000 automobiles in each direction every hour. It will enable vehicles to move at the rate of about thirty miles an hour—ten times the speed they are likely to average during the rush hours in the congested districts. If the East River speedway had the same capacity, the two arteries between them would carry off in an hour about one-twentieth of the automobiles which at the time of the last accurate traffic count, in 1924, passed below Fifty-ninth Street, Manhattan. There will be that many fewer to join the crawling procession up Fifth Avenue and its sister streets. Much of the traffic passing in and out of Manhattan through the Holland tunnels, already in operation, or over the Fort Washington bridge, now under construction, will run along the Hudson River without cluttering up the central streets. But it is quite likely that the traffic furnished by these two means of approach, plus the normal increase in automobiles, will more than eat up the saving. The West Side speedway, moreover, will dump its thousands of south-bound vehicles into a district which is already near the saturation point. City planning experts argue, further, that there are other improvements which New York needs much more badly, that it is not shown that a boulevard at the present street level would not serve the purpose equally well, and that an overhead roadway reduces the value of adjoining property, cuts off light and air, and is a monstrosity which should be contemplated only under the most desperate necessity. Even if these objections be discounted, it remains true that congestion in the center of the city will certainly grow worse before it grows better. The boulevards, like certain medicines, have their uses. But, like those same familiar remedies, they do not afford a permanent cure. In this they resemble the new subways.

Is there an economic justification for such congestion as we find in New York City and, to a lesser extent, in other metropolitan communities? If we study the growth of Manhattan, we find that this congestion is due to two causes—first, mere conservatism and chuckle-headedness, second, increasing specialization. The first cause operates in the garment industries. There is no reason, other than habit, why these industries should be in central Manhattan at all, nor why, being there, they should not be so organized as to eliminate 50 or 75 percent of the present hauling and trucking for which they are responsible. The second cause cannot be dismissed so simply. More and more, as the researches of the Regional Survey have shown, the heavier industries have tended to move away from Manhattan. Their places are being taken by industries whose product is valuable in proportion to the space it occupies, by a wholesale and retail trade of ever-growing luxury, and by banks and other offices. These are perhaps permanently entrenched in the heart of Manhattan; because they do demand little room, relatively speaking, and because they

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profit enormously from strategic locations, they can resist all attempts to pry them out of their places. A bank can have any land it wants, because it can outbid any other purchaser, and retail trade is nearly as powerful. So long as banks or stores can make money by creating congestion, they will do so. Theoretically it is possible to arrest this process by refusing to provide new means of access, but in practice, new subways, speedways, streets and boulevards will certainly continue to be built so long as the land values created by them more than equal the cost of their construction. The pyramiding of land values is at the heart of urban congestion. It both produces it and is produced by it.

To anyone who considers all that congestion means in New York, or in any city of a million or more inhabitants, it is obvious that these are not true social values. They hurt human life instead of helping it. They inflict dehumanizing hardships upon multitudes of city dwellers, and they cause waste which is an excessive charge upon the nation's productivity. The late Henry George would have found an easy remedy, but we are not nowadays so confident of his or any other panacea. But it is apparent that our cities will tend toward monstrosity unless a far greater measure of social control than we are now accustomed to is exercised. This control must take the form of making congestion expensive for those who produce it. The obvious way is through graduated taxation. A city plan with teeth in it, in New York or anywhere else, would include provision for the use of this remedy.

Women's Equality in Industry

THE VALUE of scientific research in enlightening vexed social problems has rarely been better illustrated than by a report just issued by the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor on "The Effects of Labor Legislation on the Employment Opportunities of Women."

For years, state legislatures have been passing laws limiting the number of daily or weekly hours for which wage-earning women may work, establishing sanitary and other conditions for their employment, and prohibiting their employment at night or in certain occupations. These laws have grown up in response to the practical situations which came into being with the rapid influx of women into industry. Sometimes they were supported by social workers or industrial experts, sometimes by women's trade unions, sometimes by the more enlightened employers. They had to win their way against legislative ignorance and inertia, and often also against those organizations of employers or manufacturers whose staffs in many cases seem to derive their sustenance by frightening their memberships concerning the alleged consequences of social legislation, and thus collecting the resources for lobbying against it.

In recent years, however, a new and disturbing factor has entered this situation. The National Woman's party, which during the fight for suffrage was the militant organization, turned its efforts, after the passage of the suffrage amendment, to the task of securing complete equality of men and women before the law. There was plenty of work for it to do in removing ancient disabilities concerning which there could be little disagreement among those interested in the advancement of women. But there were numerous fields in which the law had thrown about women, on account of their sex, special protections or privileges not legally accorded to men. The Woman's party, being a thoroughly doctrinaire feminist organization, was naturally not satisfied with what it regarded as half-way measures, and proceeded to demand general legislation which would do away with all legal discrimination on sex grounds, even if such discrimination had for its purpose the granting to women of safeguards not by law applicable to men. It will be remembered, parenthetically, that in the recent campaign the Woman's party opposed Governor Smith on the ground of his support of laws regulating women's work, in spite of the fact that Mr. Hoover later declared that he favored such laws.

In no field did this activity arouse more bitter controversy than in that of labor legislation. It was argued, of course, by the supporters of the laws regulating employment of women, that these statutes improved the position of women workers, rather than handicapping them in the competitive economic struggle. It was pointed out that similar laws might have been more widely enacted for men, were it not for the fact that experiments in that direction had been declared unconstitutional, and that men's unions were stronger and better able to take care of themselves. Women workers had, to be sure, appeared at hearings on such measures protesting that the laws narrowed their opportunities for employment, but such testimony was usually regarded as inspired by employing interests. When the Woman's party took a hand in the struggle, however, it introduced similar evidence and, in this respect, became a powerful ally of the reactionary manufacturers. A controversy which had begun in the rarefied regions of abstract principle, therefore, came to revolve in large measure about a question of fact.

Under the auspices of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor there was held in Washington, in January, 1926, a Women's Industrial Conference, representing both factions, which requested information as to the facts of this situation. The Bureau therefore organized an inquiry under Miss Mary N. Winslow, with a technical advisory committee consisting of Miss Mary Van Kleeck of the Russell Sage Foundation, Dr. Charles P. Neill, former Commissioner of Labor, and Dr. Lillian M. Gilbreth, consulting engineer in management. The present 500-page volume presents the results of this

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inquiry, after months of searching investigation throughout the country, which covered more than 1,600 establishments employing more than 660,000 men and women. Great care was taken to use the most objective methods possible, so that the facts might be revealed without personal bias.

Most important of all is the possible effect of the laws limiting hours of work, since these apply to about one-third of the 8,500,000 women gainfully employed in the United States. Except for a few isolated cases in hosiery plants, the survey of five major manufacturing industries—boots and shoes, hosiery, paper boxes, electrical products and clothing—shows that these laws have not led employers to avoid hiring women or to substitute men for them. Many of the establishments have come to the shorter work-day and week for both men and women on grounds of efficiency. In some plants, where men work for longer hours than women, overtime work for women is prevented by the law, but in more than half of these plants the employers stated that they would not employ women for as long hours as the men, even if the law permitted it. It was shown, too, that the limitation of hours often led to the employment of more women than would otherwise be the case, since the rush work could not be so much concentrated in overtime.

Night work for women in manufacturing plants is generally considered undesirable—as it is, to a less degree, for men—and this fact prevents their employment at night fully as much as the prohibitive laws. In more than half the plants which operate at night, the women's departments do not substitute men for women on the night shifts, but close down entirely. One of the most striking of the few cases where the fact that women do not work at night reduces their employment in the daytime was found in a state where there was no law prohibiting night work. There is, however, a small minority of cases where the law really does reduce the jobs offered to women.

The effect of the limitation of working hours and prohibition of night work in retail stores is rather to limit the hours for which the store remains open, or to cause a rearrangement of shifts within the law, than to reduce the employment of women. In four of the fifty-four stores studied it did appear that the law was partially, but by no means wholly, responsible for failure to employ women in buying and supervisory positions.

The hours-limitation has not prevented women from being employed as waitresses, but the night-work prohibition has done so in certain classes of restaurants. For the most part, however, those restaurants which might in any case employ women late at night do not pay good wages or offer much opportunity from tips. Much has been made of the dismissal of women street-car conductors and ticket agents because of legal restrictions. Concerning this, the report comments that "the part played by legislation . . . has been by no means so important nor so far-reaching as was indicated by the agitation at the time they occurred, and that whatever the part legislation may have played in connection with women's employment in transportation it cannot possibly be interpreted as typical of its effects on any other occupations of women."

In New York State, after a good deal of discussion, women working in newspaper offices were exempted from the night-work law. Five years later it was found that only forty out of one hundred and fifty women employed on seventy-seven newspapers were working at night. The exemption certainly helped these women, but their case was scarcely general in its implications.

Less reason is found for legislation prohibiting women from working at all in certain occupations formerly considered dangerous or unsuitable for them, such as grinding, polishing and buffing, electric and acetylene welding, taxicab driving, and meter reading. In some of these occupations the hazards have been materially reduced for men as well as women, and in others they have not proved great in the few cases where women are wanted for the work.

It is true that women still have to overcome many handicaps and discriminations in making their way in industry, but the evidence of this report is overwhelming that few of the difficulties proceed from regulatory legislation. Certainly there is only the slimmest possible basis in the facts for a plea that, in the interest of equal opportunity for employment, all these laws be repealed. Even this basis disappears when we consider that in most cases the obstruction can be removed by amendatory exemptions. The Woman's party may, if it chooses, fall back on abstract principle as a justification for its sweeping program. Or it may argue, on what seem to be very shaky grounds, that if the restrictions were removed, women in industry would organize sufficiently to protect themselves. But it can no longer depend for support on those who are chiefly concerned that the law shall not hamper woman's effort to get and keep a job. These will be satisfied with the advisable changes in the existing laws.

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Has England a Foreign Policy?

THE English nation, or such part of it as concerns itself with public affairs, has discovered a new guessing game of peculiar subtlety. It is trying to divine the international policy of its own rulers. The game, as I write, has been fashionable for five or six weeks, and already two schools of thought are apparent in the solutions which find favor. Some of us concentrate our answer in the single word "ineptitude," while others believe that they are on the track of something more sinister. The second answer is the more interesting and romantic of the two. When one is exceedingly angry, as most of us are, one tends to think in terms of melodrama; it is not enough to say that an offending government has behaved with a stupidity so complete that no intelligible purpose is discoverable in its doings. One wishes at least to understand, and one can understand, only on the assumption that it is exceedingly wicked. My own theory is not precisely either of these two popular solutions. I incline to a more radical view, and doubt the existence of the British government itself. In plain words, I think there is no direction, no single command, no combination or adjustment of policies.

Mr. Baldwin, whose interests lie chiefly in industrial questions, has been an inadequate Prime Minister, and a poor captain of a worse team. Sir Austen Chamberlain, by no means so imposing in intellect as he is to the outward view, has been ill and absent during most of this critical period. His substitute, Lord Cushendun, starts from an instinctive outlook on life and affairs which even in the Tory party is eccentric, primitive and unusual. Imagine a rather jolly giant, with a fine Irish brogue, who rose to fame as one of the more reckless leaders of the Ulster rebellion. In spite of his geniality, he has the Orange mind, and his mental furniture is a large assortment of hatreds, first of Catholics and "reds," and then of Russians and Germans and labor unions. Half of his brain is engaged in perpetually celebrating the Battle of the Boyne, while the more modern half vibrates with the passions of August, 1914. He was, I think, the only Englishman who publicly rejoiced over the invasion of the Ruhr by M. Poincaré. That this backwoodsman should step into Lord Cecil's shoes reveals the curious weakness of Mr. Baldwin's management. For no mind could be less Baldwinian, or less likely to interpret faithfully, in dealings with other governments, the rather ineffectual graces and charities of the Prime Minister's temperament. Lord Cushendun is abroad what "Jix" (Sir William Joynson-Hicks) is at home, the stone-age man, the fundamentalist, the servant of tradition. This section of the Cabinet may, indeed, know its own mind (one uses that word from a habit of courtesy); it is militarist and in a general way anti-foreign, yet in spite of its hatred of French culture, it is uncritically pro-French. At the Admiralty is Mr. Bridgeman, a bewildered and negligible squire. Of the two intellects in the combination, Lord Birkenhead has been busy finding for himself a more remunerative post in the City, while Mr. Churchill, distrusted by every genuine Tory, sits in his corner alone. To sum up, one may draw the conclusion that the British government does not exist. There is an aloof Baldwinian Providence which automatically blesses what is done and hopes for the best; there is a mischievous fundamentalist activity, and there are experts, naval and diplomatic, who work in their separate compartments. The result is the muddle of all our external policy which has bewildered every section of British opinion as completely as it has angered it.

The single mistake which one can make in discussing this muddle is to attempt to rationalize it. That is what everyone has been doing, from Washington to Moscow. It is a pardonable flattery. Foreigners may be forgiven if they assume that somewhere in the center of the immense organism of the British Empire there is a directing brain. There lies the root mistake: there is only an ill-led Cabinet. We heard from Mr. Baldwin the other day an account of British foreign policy as he conceives it. Never in human history has performance so flatly contradicted the aspirations of a good man. He spoke with genuine eloquence of the administration's zeal for the League of Nations. But he will sign few of its basic engagements. The main effort of his representatives at Geneva in September was to starve and cripple the League, by cutting down its very modest budget. He told us of his desire for disarmament. But at Geneva his Minister used all his influence to prevent any early meeting of a conference for this purpose, and wrung his hands in agony when his efforts failed to delay it indefinitely. He assured us that Great Britain retains in Europe her attitude of impartiality and conciliation. But in the very same week Lord Cushendun boasted on a public platform that our relationship with France is still what it was on the eve of the War. No new entente, he assured us, had been concluded, for the old Entente had never been dissolved. It is true that Lord Cushendun, evidently under orders, has since made an embarrassed and unconvincing explanation: he assures us that while we retain the old Entente with France, we have concluded a new one with Germany. Our method of celebrating it, by joint Anglo-French cavalry maneuvers in the Rhineland, does not appeal to the Germans, and, on the whole, it is the

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more spontaneous of Lord Cushendun's two statements which seems to fit the facts.

It is this mystery of our relationship with France which chiefly concerns public opinion in England. The attitude of the French government is, as usual, intelligible and logical, and one can congratulate M. Briand on his successful diplomacy. The White Paper on the naval compromise fully confirms our speculations. France has scored heavily. She secures our consent to a parity with us in cruisers of 10,000 tons. She has our approval for the demand which at Washington Lord Balfour resented so bitterly—the unlimited building of small submarines. Lastly and chiefly, we agree with her, after years of resistance, that, in any scheme of disarmament by land, no reckoning shall be made of a country's command of armed and trained reservists. This means, as everyone has perceived, our final acceptance of the fact of French military hegemony in Europe. It applies, of course, not only to France, but to her continental satellites—Poles, Czechs, South Slavs and Rumanians. It comes at a moment when France is creating a powerful professional army, while she retains the old system of the nation in arms. It is to be interpreted in the light of M. Briand's uncompromising reply to the Germans in the recent debates of the League's Assembly. France will not relax the provisions of the Versailles Treaty which forbid Germany to organize any trained reserve whatever. One could hardly exaggerate the importance of this British concession. It means, first of all, the abandonment of a prospect which Mr. Lloyd George and his party believed that they had secured in the Versailles Treaty. They read in that treaty a promise that the land armament allotted to Germany should eventually, in scale and in kind, furnish the model for the rest of Europe. In plain words, they supposed that, when Germany was disarmed to the general satisfaction, conscription would disappear, and Germany's neighbors would retain only small professional armies on a like scale. This was always a sanguine hope, and few of us shared Mr. Lloyd George's illusions, but the acceptance by a British government of conscription as the normal institution of a disarmed and pacified Continent has none the less come with a shock. This surrender has an even more disquieting significance. It means that we accept for all time the fact of a dictated inequality as the basis of life in contemporary Europe. Side by side, while a new generation grows up, we must continue to live, the armed and disarmed, victor and vanquished. We arm for perpetual dictation, and while we do so, reduce to dishonest chatter the spirit of Locarno and the ideals of the League. More gravely than the Versailles Peace itself, this British surrender has burdened the future of Europe.

What France got out of this arrangement is sufficiently clear. She has assured the perpetuation of the European system which M. Clemenceau devised at Versailles. Her attitude to Germany is without a doubt more friendly and liberal than it was in the early years of the peace. She is reconciled to the economic recovery of the German nation. She collaborates with it in the vast enterprise of the Steel Cartel. She desires no longer to wound, to crush, to offend. She will be a good neighbor on one condition, that she retains her military ascendancy. She will barter some years of her occupation of the Rhineland against a favorable settlement of debts and reparations. But, in some form, she will retain the humiliating, because one-sided, supervision and inspection of the demilitarized territory. And to any union of Austria with Germany she remains unalterably opposed. In this general attitude she enjoys the support of the Tory government of Great Britain. That is not a matter of conjecture and inference. On the main points—the Rhineland and disarmament—M. Briand spoke plainly, almost brutally, at Geneva. Lord Cushendun followed him in the debate as his humble second, and refrained from so much as one timid phrase of qualification. The posture of impartiality and balance, which the Locarno arrangement implied, has been openly, and, one might suppose, deliberately, abandoned. One must assume that Lord Cushendun meant what he said: we are in effect the military and diplomatic allies of the French, as we were on the eve of the War, when we assumed the defense of their northern and western coasts. Save on this assumption, our cordial consent to their unlimited building of submarines would be an act of madness. Mr. Churchill incidentally illuminated the whole relationship the other day, when he reminded us that the French air fleet is almost twice as strong as our own, and went on to add that we contemplate its superiority with perfect composure. That is the state of mind of allies, who feel confident that the tie between them is lasting and loyal.

It is when one turns to the British side of the balance-sheet that the puzzle becomes insoluble. What, even on the narrowest Tory-Imperialist view, have we secured? We have French consent to our unlimited building of small cruisers, when, as everyone knows, the only thing that mattered was American consent. We may also reckon, presumably, that in any future conference, whether at Geneva or Washington, our admirals will be supported, against their American colleagues, by the French experts and by M. Briand's eloquent tongue. Is that a gain? A very simple, wholly inexperienced sailor might think so: a man of the world would have foreseen, what is now so painfully apparent, that, by buying French support, we have made any agreement with Washington incomparably more difficult and remote. Then do we score by perpetuating the French system in Europe? Is it a gain for us to keep Vienna and Berlin apart, to bargain like French peasants before we quit the Rhineland, to create a perpetual military ascendancy for France on the Continent? It would be hard to find one Englishman in twenty who would answer "yes" to these questions, but among the minority we should

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encounter Lord Cushendun. The traditionally-minded Englishman, who thinks in terms of the balance of power, ought to have modified his whole attitude toward Germany after the peace. The sacred balance was upset by French ascendancy. It was disturbed, moreover, in the way which the average likes least, for French military pressure, with the spur of reparations, has compelled the Germans to modernize their industry, and to strain every nerve to undersell us in foreign markets. One asks, in trying to understand this partnership with the French, whether Tory foreign policy has finally struck a bargain which it has often contemplated. Has it abandoned all thought of a balance in Europe, in order to buy French support for its own purposes in other continents and on the high seas? Has it consented to play a complacent second to France in Europe, on condition that France supports our views elsewhere? There is, at first sight, some evidence of such a bargain, tacit or explicit. We seem to accept French military supremacy, while she supports our command of the seas. So much one may read into the naval compromise. Have we, then, in plain words, enlisted her as a counterpoise to American sea power?

Some flickering purpose of this kind may have crossed the minds of some of the people concerned in these doings, sailors, diplomatists, or ministers. It is the gross folly of such a course which has angered and alarmed Liberal and Labor opinion, and stirred it, as it has not been stirred for many years. But for my own part, I am sure that there was no settled and reasoned decision of policy. France is an ally too weak and uncertain for such a purpose. She may agree to give a general support to our naval ambitions as she did at Versailles, but would she ever proceed to acts? M. Briand's original proposal to Mr. Kellogg of a limited pact to outlaw war solely between France and America is the answer to that question. So far from wishing to join London in a combination against America, M. Briand's odd and obstinate purpose was to assure perpetual peace between France and the United States, whatever might happen to others. One may, then, at once, and without hesitation, dismiss as sheer fantasy the more alarming conjectures to which these negotiations gave rise. France has agreed to do her part, in conferences and conversations, to render the more questionable pretensions of the British Admiralty respectable. She has ranged herself as a force against pacific progress at sea, but the last thing which she would contemplate would be a share in an anti-American coalition. On the British side, it is equally obvious that, if our more sinister Imperialists were to seek an alliance against the United States, they would apply, not to France, but once more to Japan. How little they have thought of that, their rapid completion of the Singapore dock shows: nor has there been any parallelism in British and Japanese policy in the Far East. While London was rabidly hostile to Chinese nationalism, Japan was cautious and patient: when we reversed our attitude in the Christmas message, the Tanaka government grew menacing and hostile.

To sum up, then, it seems to me impossible to rationalize Tory foreign policy. It is stupidly complacent to France in Europe, partly because it still lives in the memory of 1914, and also because it counts on French support against Russia, and on French acquiescence in its doings in Egypt and the Middle East. There is a loose and unwritten agreement by which both powers keep the activities of the League within modest bounds, refrain from interference in each other's imperial designs, and conduct the affairs of the Old World under a species of condominium. Each has renounced the idea of proposing any reduction of armed strength which would be unwelcome to the other. But there has been no conscious combination against America, and the folly of these negotiations was rather that their authors forgot and ignored America than that they concerted a scheme against her. They were setting the stage for an unreal debate at Geneva: they were not inventing a reasoned world-policy. It is against Italy that France builds submarines: what we want with our light cruisers is a matter of indifference to her. The real criticism of the whole stupid business is that it was a plot to frustrate any genuine measure of disarmament.

To this frank and contemptuous analysis of recent British policy there is a clear moral. Let us wait on both sides before we contemplate either action or conference, until this blundering Tory government is out of the way. There is an excellent prospect that by next June it will have disappeared, to be replaced by a Labor ministry. There has been much discussion as to whether the "Compromise" still binds the British government. Morally it does tie the present ministry. It could no more revert to its old opposition to French views on submarines and trained reserves than France could oppose our Admiralty over cruisers. But one doubts whether it will act in the sense of M. Briand's despatch, by attempting to pursue these ends by other means. It has disgusted British public opinion; it has been rebuked even by the London Times: it has sought refuge in confused denials and disingenuous excuses. Its power to do much further harm is ended. On the other hand, with unprecedented plain speaking, the Labor party has, by formal resolution of its Conference, repudiated this entire approach to world-problems. Mr. Macdonald is by temperament a cautious man, who shrinks from dramatic acts. Yet with office behind him and almost certainly in front of him, he went to Berlin, and chose its Reichstag as a platform from which he called for a reversal of Tory foreign policy. Within eight months, it is probable that you will be able to deal with a British government which will make no reservations to the Kellogg Pact, will accept naval parity without jealousy, will emancipate itself from French leadership in Europe, and will desire nothing so ardently as a final settlement

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of Anglo-American differences. It will not be bound by the naval "Compromise," and may be trusted to seek a new starting point in all these controversies.

That can be found only in the radical revision of all our conceptions of sea-warfare and sea-law. By abolishing the idea of war as a legitimate exercise of sovereignty, the Kellogg Pact has made such a revision, in theory at least, immensely easier. Powers which still dream of inflicting or suffering blockade in the conduct of their legitimate private wars never will disarm. But powers which have repudiated war as an instrument of policy should build no longer for commerce-destruction. Very warily, for it knows the susceptibilities both of the American Senate and of the British Admiralty, the Labor party is ready to explore the road which leads through the re-writing of sea-law to naval disarmament.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

Editing in Iowa

ALONG the Mississippi River, from the Minnesota line to Keokuk and westward to the Nebraska-Dakota boundary, is one of the richest and most charming regions in this great United States of America. It will shortly, no doubt, become familiar to Easterners as the "Greatest Fish and Game Country in the World," "Land of the Lotus," and "Tourists' Paradise." It also forms a part of that area pleasantly designated as the "Bible Belt." Rotarians, members of chambers of commerce and Legionaires are held in awe. Chautauqua flourishes in its pristine vigor, a proposed anti-evolution statute has a large and enthusiastic following, and the "bone-dry" laws are the pride of the Anti-Saloon League.

Early in 1922 I was called to the editorship of an Iowa newspaper in one of the river cities. From this vantage-point I studied the press of the state for several years. Having had a good deal of experience on Southern and Eastern newspapers, I was prepared for a certain amount of conservatism or even intolerance, but the condition which I found went beyond anything I had anticipated. Nothing comparable to it, I believe, exists outside of Siam or Tibet. The most frenzied Southern editor ranting about the Negro question, or a New England protectionist rhapsodizing over the tariff, could not be so extreme in his views or so convinced of his impregnable position as the average Iowa editor. Public opinion in Iowa, still rooted in Civil War prejudice, regards Republicanism as the party of loyalty to the government and humanitarian ideals, and the local editors are thoroughly in sympathy with this prevailing state of mind. When a news service sends out despatches setting the G. O. P. in a disadvantageous light, the most damaging passages are softened or deleted. Few citizens were apprised through the press of the extent of the oil-lease scandals or the Daugherty mess; in fact, the generality of Iowans mourned Mr. Harding as a great and wise statesman—a martyr who succumbed to the burdens of office. Iowa newspapers excused the Doheny and Sinclair transactions as the result of the negligence and imprudence of a single member of the Harding Cabinet, or actually defended them as a profitable and far-sighted business policy.

In any newspaper, the basic fact of its existence is the business office. Newspaper publishers vary, to be sure, in the extent to which they are influenced by business-office demands. Some publishers are comparatively idealistic, but not many. If a particular news or editorial policy pays, it is continued: if it does not pay, it is dropped. Editorials and news are appraised as a buyer appraises cattle on the hoof. I could never see why this fact is not frankly accepted by publishers and the public. How a newspaper could be conducted differently under the prevailing system is not clear. As a matter of fact, very few of the editors and publishers in Iowa or elsewhere are consciously disingenuous. The type of publisher has altered hugely in the past thirty years: a newspaper nowadays is a business institution, and those at the head of it are strictly business men. So far as educational and ethical equipment are concerned, the average publisher would be quite as much at home in a dry goods store or a meat market as he is in a newspaper office. He is thoroughly in tune with the current commercial, political and social systems, and if he does not seek to mend them, it is because he honestly sees nothing to mend. He is genuinely satisfied that he lives under the best of all possible governments in the best of all possible nations.

On first going into Iowa, which was a frontier state within the memory of those still living, I expected to find here and there a note of editorial pioneering. One of my duties was to scan editorial pages and clip paragraphs as an index to the sentiment of the press. I soon discovered that the journalistic diapason was like the chorus of frogs. One here and there might be fuller-throated than another, or might sound a distinctive note, but the theme in all instances remained the same. The Iowa editor believes, for instance, in the tariff. He believes that without its aid the industries of the nation would collapse, and the working man return home at night to a home barren of food and comfort. He believes this in spite of the fact that he lives in an agricultural region which unquestionably

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is exploited by manufacturers through the tariff. Herbert Quick, a native of Iowa, relapsed from this local orthodoxy, and wrote a monograph to prove that many of the ills which beset agriculture are due to the tariff. When he died, not long afterwards, Iowa editors paid him tribute as a great statesman, but I could feel that they regarded him as having died outside the faith. The venerated Senator Dolliver once questioned the wisdom of the wool schedule, and this is the one black mark on a record otherwise untarnished. It is still talked about cautiously, as the amours of Franklin or the reputed infidelism of Lincoln are sometimes discussed by patriots awed at their own temerity.

Militant Democratic papers are scarcer in the state than teetotallers at a prohibition meeting. The only way in which the few Democratic papers survive is by advocating a feeble brand of Democracy, and by religiously respecting social and business taboos. In such an atmosphere, it seemed doubtful to me whether I could successfully liberalize the editorial columns of the newspaper on which I was employed. However, I discovered that the paper had a tradition, almost forgotten, of independent editorial writing: the early editors had been fit representatives of a turbulent and individualistic frontier people. During the Civil War the paper had been of the "copperhead" persuasion. Often mobs had stormed the offices. Often indignant subscribers had trooped into the editorial sanctum and cancelled hundreds of subscriptions in a day, while the old publisher grimly told them to stop and be damned. Although an apostle of Service was now publisher, local conditions were favorable to my plans. The yokelry was in revolt against deflation. Radical Mr. Brookhart was the political idol of the hour. Mr. Harding was not in high esteem in the open spaces, and Mr. Coolidge was still a colorless Vice-President, not yet hoisted into fame by his unqualified endorsement of the Constitution and the Ten Commandments. The flaming cross of the Klan flickered but feebly in the river cities, and even the Babbitts were subdued by the insurgency and genuine suffering of the farmers.

The farmers rallied to me at once when I began cautiously to champion their cause and attack the less sacred articles of the Babbitt Credo. The publisher was mollified. He had been vaguely uneasy at my airy disregard of Service, but when the subscription coin rolled in, the tuneful music lulled his fears and doubts. Emboldened, I attacked, article by article, the sacred Credo of the state. No other newspaper in the country was speaking so frankly, certainly not in the Middle West. I had not considered the feat possible until it was an accomplished fact. Such dizzy success emboldened me to the point where I failed to reckon with the power of Kluxers and Babbittry thoroughly aroused. I made a false step which marked the beginning of the end.

The occasion was this: during the presidential campaign of 1924, the professor of economics of Vanderbilt University had been invited to address the Rotary Club, to strengthen the faith of the wavering. Those were parlous days for the "safe and sane": La Follette was gaining strength daily, in the country and city, and Dawes was emitting warning blasts against the "reds." The speaker did his best to cheer the faint-hearted. He assured the Rotarians that they were the real he-men of the nation, the only ones fit to rule. He warned that mobocracy was imminent unless Rotarians and others of like "safety and sanity" seized the helm to steady the old ship of state in the political hurricane. He cited the crucifixion of Christ. The one just and true man, he explained, had been sacrificed by the fickle, foolish mob. In an editorial entitled "More Babbittry," I said that Christ was, indeed, the victim of a mob, but of a mob incited by Scribes, Pharisees and priests, representing the vested interests of the period. Jesus was a radical, a "red," if you please, and when he assaulted the vested interests, they saw to it that he was summarily put out of the way. If he were on earth again, I ventured to say, his crucifixion would be attended by many of the "strong men" lauded by the professor, eager to press down the crown of thorns and pass around the vinegar.

When I next saw the publisher, he was mopping beads of sweat from his brow. He had received fifteen cancellations of subscriptions on the "More Babbittry" editorial. It was not the number of cancellations which struck terror into him so much as the importance of the subscribers. They were among the most important citizens of the community, advertisers and social mammoths. He ordered me to soft-pedal.

Months passed. Hard times which had made the farmers see red were mended enough to ease the tension. A semblance of national prosperity was revived. Brookhart's narrow majority gave hope of a contest and his ultimate defeat. A militant and vindicated Babbittry emerged from its temporary depression and discomfiture. The Klan, meanwhile, had gained hugely in power and prestige. It dominated the county Republican organization, and had succeeded in disrupting the friendly relations which had existed for more than a generation between Catholics and Protestants. When the morons in the Klan had convinced those out of it that the Pope was on the verge of subduing the American school system to his uses, there was a panic lest holy water should appear at every school door and the chant of masses be heard in its chapel. Bitterness extended to business relations. Protestants were boycotting Catholics and *vice versa*. The Oregon school law, which would destroy Popish schools root and branch, had the endorsement of many local fanatics who would have incorporated it in the Iowa statutes. I suggested that if the process of standardizing the young, already far advanced, were continued, the American people would soon become what Lord Northcliffe said they were—the Chinese of the Western world.

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A deluge of protesting letters and stops was the reaction to the editorial criticizing the Oregon school law. There was such coincidence of phrase and sentiment among many of the letters that they were plainly the result of collaboration at a konklave of red-blooded guardians of Americanism and morals. The superintendent of schools, a Klan sympathizer, and suspected of membership, seized a long-awaited opportunity to fan the flames. When it was circulated about town that the Pope had got his tiara on the dollar bill and that my editorials were read and censored by a Catholic priest, the cancellations fell as thick as autumn leaves. I was totally deprived of my editorial liberty.

My fancy dwells pleasantly on Iowa scenes. I can see the merchants setting out their flags on "dollar day" as a patriotic incitement to liberal spending; Rotarians transporting the Rotary Bell from city to city; the great annual Sunday school parade marching as to war with its banners and slogans; hordes of Klansmen congregating to circumvent the Pope; bootleggers in motor cars, motor boats and aeroplanes scurrying to supply the trade; the vacuous yokel yodeling to his hogs and dreaming of the day when he can sell out and move to a California villa. I can see my little cottage on the banks of the Mississippi River, whence I departed with sincere regret. I can see the green beauty of the shore and islands. A great heron flies heavily to a favorite fishing place in a placid slough, while there creeps

> A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
> Born of the very sigh that silence heaves.

A big bass flops in the lake. A Cooper's hawk circles overhead, uttering a shrill whistle portentous of woodland slaughter. I can hear the orioles and grosbeaks singing in the grove. A squirrel barks, and quail are whistling on the hillsides. Fat cattle wander over hill and dale. The green banners of a great army of corn are glinting in the sun. It is a rich and charming country.

DUNCAN CASSIDY.

Impressions of Soviet Russia

III. *A New World in the Making*

TWO REMARKS were frequently heard in Leningrad. One was that that city was an outpost of Europe, rather than truly Russian; the other was that Moscow is authentic Russia and is semi-oriental. I should not venture to put my brief experience against these statements, but it may be of some use to tell wherein it differed. Leningrad, while in no sense oriental, hardly struck me as European, and present-day Moscow, at least, appeared ultra-western. As to the first city, its architects were indeed imported from Italy, and perhaps intended to reproduce a European city. But if so, the spirit of the place entered their minds and took control of their hands and they constructed something of which they had no prescience. And the *genius loci,* the lustrous sky, the illimitable horizon, the extravagant and tempestuous climate, did not remind me of any Europe previously known. As to Moscow, while there is something semi-oriental in its physical structure and while orientals throng portions of the city, its psychic aspect and figure are far from what is associated with the slow-moving and ancient East. For in spirit and intent, Moscow is new, nervously active, mobile; newer, it seemed to me, than any city in our own country, even than a frontier town.

Of the two cities, it was Leningrad that seemed ancient. Of course, history tells a different story, and if I were writing as an historian or antiquarian, I should speak differently. But if one takes Moscow immediately, as it presents itself to the eye and communicates itself to the nerves, it is a place of constant, restless movement, to the point of tension, which imparts the sense of a creative energy that is concerned only with the future. In contrast, Leningrad speaks, even mournfully, of the past. We all know a certain legend appropriate to the lips and pen of the European visitor to America: here is a land inhabited by a strangely young folk, with the buoyancy, energy, naïveté and immaturity of youth and inexperience. That is the way Moscow impressed me, and very much more so than my own country. There, indeed, was a life full of hope, of confidence, almost hyperactive, naïve at times and on some subjects incredibly so, having the courage that achieves much because it springs from that ignorance of youth that is not held back by fears born from too many memories. Freed from the load of subjection to the past, it seems charged with the ardor of creating a new world. At one point the comparison fails. Running through the *élan,* there is a tempering sense of the infinite difficulty of the task which had been undertaken (I speak of the educational leaders with whom alone we had contact). It cannot be said that they are depressed, but they appear, along with all their hopeful enthusiasm, as if borne on contending currents that make it uncertain whether they will come to the port they envisage, or be overwhelmed. The union of spontaneity and humor with fundamental

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seriousness may or may not be a Russian trait; it certainly marked the men and women who are carrying the load of creating, by means of education, a new mentality in the Russian people.

Our stay in Moscow thus differed markedly from the Leningrad visit. The latter was more of the nature of sight-seeing carried on under most favorable auspices, leaving us to form our own ideas from what we saw and had contact with. But Moscow is more than a political center. It is the heart of the energies that go pulsing throughout all Russia, that Russia which includes so much of Asia as well as of Europe. Hence it was that in Moscow one had the feeling as one visited various institutions that one was coming into intimate contact, almost a vicarious share, in a creative labor, in a world in the making. It was as if, after having seen in Lenigrad monuments of the past and some products of the present, we were now suddenly let into the operative process itself. Naturally the new experience modified as well as deepened the Leningrad impressions that I have already recorded. The deepening was of the sense of energy and vigor released by the Revolution; the modification was a sense of the planned constructive endeavor which the new regime is giving this liberated energy.

I am only too conscious, as I write, how strangely fantastic the idea of hope and creation in connection with Bolshevist Russia must appear to those whose beliefs about it were fixed, not to be changed, some seven or eight years ago. I certainly was not prepared for what I saw; it came as a shock. The question that has most often been asked me (along with the question whether there is any freedom there), is whether there is anything constructive going on. The currency of the question indicated the hold that the reports of the destructive character of Bolshevism still have upon the public imagination, and perhaps increases the obligation incumbent upon one who has experienced a different face to events, to record the effect of that experience. So, before speaking of the more positively significant aspect of constructive effort, it may be worth while to say (what, indeed, so many visitors have already stated) that in the great cities, what impresses one is the conserving, rather than the destructive, character of the Revolution. There is much more in the England that has come to us from Henry the Eighth of the sort that is associated with Bolshevist rage than there is in Moscow and Leningrad. Having just come from England and with the memories of ruin and vandalism fresh in mind, I often wished that there might be prepared for the special benefit of the die-hard Anglo-Saxon mind (which is American as well as British) an inventory of the comparative destruction of art and architecture in the revolutions of the two countries. One positive sign of interest in conservation is the enormous enlargement and multiplication of museums that has occurred in Russia. For the establishment of museums and the pious care of historic and artistic treasures are not the sort of thing that prevails where the spirit of destruction is supreme. There are now almost a hundred museums in Moscow alone, and through the country, in provincial towns, they have multiplied under the present regime more than five times, while the efforts to render their treasures accessible and useful to the people have kept pace with the numerical increase.

Contrary, again, to the popular myth, this work of conservation has included the temples of the Orthodox Church and their art treasures. All that has been said of the anti-clerical and atheistic tendencies of the Bolshevist is true enough. But the churches and their contents that were of artistic worth are not only intact, but taken care of with scrupulous and even scientific zeal. It is true that many have been converted into museums, but to all appearances there are still enough to meet the needs of would-be worshipers. The collections of ikons in museums in Leningrad and Moscow are an experience which repays the lover of art for a voyage to these cities. In the Kremlin the aid of experts, antiquarians, scholars of history, chemists has been enlisted in beginning the work of highly important restoration. There was, indeed, a "restoration," of the type with which one is too familiar, undertaken in the old regime; the lovely primitives of the frescoes were, for example, gaudily repainted by "artists" of a higher-grade house-painting sort. This work is now undoing; meretricious ornaments, the product of a combination of superstition, too much money and execrable taste, are stripped off. When the work is completed, the Bolshevist regime, in spite of seemingly more urgent demands on time and money, will have recovered in its pristine charm one of the great historic monuments of the world.

Were it not for the popular impression of Bolshevist Russia as given over to mad destructiveness, such things would perhaps be worthy only of passing note. But as things stand, they take on a significance which is typical. They are symbolic not only of constructive activity, but of the direction in which, to my mind, this work of construction is vital: the formation of a popular culture impregnated with esthetic quality. It is no accident that Lunacharsky, to whom, most of all, the careful conservation of the historic and artistic treasures of Russia is due, is the Commissar of Education. For while a revival of interest in artistic production, literary, musical, plastic, is characteristic of progressive schools all over the world, there is no country, unless it be possibly Mexico, where the esthetic aim and quality so dominates all things educational as in Russia today. It pervades not only the schools, but that which, for the lack of a better word, one must call "adult education"—ludicrously insufficient as is that term, in the meaning it derives from activities in our own country, to convey the organized widespread diffusion and expansion taking place in the country of "destructive" Bolshevism. There is a peculiar tone of irony that hangs over all the preconceptions about Russia that one finds current, and which one has come unconsciously more or less to

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share. But perhaps the contrast between the popular notion of universal absorption in materialistic economy and the actual facts of devotion to creation of living art and to universal participation in the processes and the products of art strikes the ironic note most intensely.

I write, as perhaps I should remind the reader more frequently, from the angle of educational endeavor; I can speak of Russia with any degree of confidence only as the animating purpose and life of that country are reflected in its educational leaders and the work they are attempting. The reader will naturally ask a question which I have often addressed to myself: How far is the impression gained in this particular reflection a just one with reference to the spirit and aim of Soviet Russia as a whole? That one gets from this particular point of view an idea of that spirit and aim in its best and most attractive, because most constructive, aspect, I freely recognize. But while conceding that the picture formed in this particular reflection is purer and clearer than one could or would get from studying the political or the economic phases of life, I must also record my conviction that it is fundamentally a truer picture as well. It is, of course, impossible for me to cite objective evidence that would justify the reader in sharing this conviction. I may, however, indicate the nature of the grounds upon which there gradually grew up in my own mind the belief that one can appreciate the inner meaning of the new Russian life more intimately and justly by contact with educational effort than with specific political and industrial conditions.

Some of the grounds may be classed as negative: the failure of what I have read, when written from an exclusively political and economic point of view, to convey a sense of reality in comparison with what was personally felt and seen from the educational side. The books contain, some of them, much more information than I shall ever possess; they are written, some of them, by men who know the Russian language and who have had wide contacts. If, then, I indulge in the presumption of trusting my own impressions rather than their reports in some vital matters, it is not because I think they have—again, some of them—wilfully falsified; nor, indeed, because of what they say, but rather because of what they do not say, what they have left out, and which I am sure is there. Consequently, these works affect me as marked by a certain vacuity, an emptiness due to an insensitiveness to what is most vitally significant. They present static cross-sections isolated from the movement which alone gives them meaning.

These remarks are doubtless too indefinite, too much at large, to be illuminating. Possibly they may gain definiteness by reference to a particular book, and I select Kalgren's "Bolshevist Russia." There is no doubt of the competency of the author's knowledge of the language, or his assiduity in collecting data; I do not question the honesty of his aims; the authenticity of most of his material is vouched for by the fact that it is derived from Bolshevist sources. Why not, then, accept his almost wholly unfavorable conclusions? In part because the book does not sufficiently date its material; it does not indicate the special context of time and conditions under which the evils reported occurred. But in greater part because I fail utterly to get from the book the sense of the quality of moving events which contact with these events gives. In consequence, admitting that all of the evils complained of existed at some time and place, and that some of them still exist, the total effect is dead, empty, evacuated of vital significance. Take, as one instance, the very fact that Bolshevist sources are themselves drawn upon for the mass of damning facts. The net effect of this material is one thing when taken by itself, as a pile of ultimate isolated facts which are self-explanatory. It is quite another thing when taken as evidence of a characteristic tendency. For when one looks for some positive and ruling endeavor with which the collection and publication of this condemnatory data is connected, one finds himself in the presence of a deliberate and systematic effort at exploration and self-examination which is unparalleled in other countries. And in turn one finds this movement to be connected with a belief in the reality of a science of society, as a basis for diagnosis of social ills and projection of constructive change. One may not believe in the alleged "science," but disbelief does not alter the fact that one gets a dead and distorted idea from the report of isolated facts, however authentic, until they have been brought into relation with the intellectual movement of self-criticism of which they are a part.

The positive reason for attaching primary significance to this intellectual movement, and for thinking of it as educational, is the fact that by the necessities of the case the central problem of the Soviet leaders is the production of a new mentality, a new "ideology," to employ one of the three or four words that one hears the most frequently. There can be no doubt of the tenacity with which the dogma of "economic determinism" is held to; it is a matter of faith that the content and temper of ideas and beliefs that currently prevail are fixed by economic institutions and processes. But it is not true that the prevalent Marxian economic materialism denies efficacy to ideas and beliefs—to the current "ideology," whatever that is. On the contrary, it is held that, while originally this is an effect of economic causes, it becomes in time itself a secondary cause which operates "reciprocally." Hence, from the Communist standpoint, the problem is not only that of replacing capitalistic by collectivistic economic institutions, but also one of substituting a collective mentality for the individualistic psychology inherited from the *"bourjui"* epoch—a psychology which is still ingrained in most of the peasants and most of the intellectuals as well as in the trading class itself. Thus the movement is caught in a circular predicament, only it would be officially described as an instance and proof of

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"dialectic." *Ultimate* popular ideology is to be determined by communistic institutions; but meantime the success of their efforts to introduce these institutions is dependent upon ability to create a new mentality, a new psychological attitude. And obviously this latter problem is essentially one of education. It accounts for the extraordinary importance assumed in the present phase of Russian life by educational agencies. And in accounting for their importance, it enables one to use them as a magnifying glass of great penetrating power by which to read the spirit of events in their constructive phase.

An incidental confirmation of the central position, during the present state of "transition," of educational agencies is the omnipresence of propaganda. The present age is, of course, everywhere one in which propaganda has assumed the role of a governing power. But nowhere else in the world is employment of it as a tool of control so constant, consistent and systematic as in Russia at present. Indeed, it has taken on such importance and social dignity that the word propaganda hardly carries, in another social medium, the correct meaning. For we instinctively associate propaganda with the accomplishing of some special ends, more or less private to a particular class or group, and correspondingly concealed from others. But in Russia the propaganda is in behalf of a burning public faith. One may believe that the leaders are wholly mistaken in the object of their faith, but their sincerity is beyond question. To them the end for which propaganda is employed is not a private or even a class gain, but is the universal good of universal humanity. In consequence, propaganda is education and education is propaganda. They are more than confounded; they are identified.

When I speak, then, of educational agencies, I mean something much wider than the operation of the school system. Of the latter as such, I hope to write something later. But here I am concerned with it only as a part of the evidence that the essential constructive work of present-day—or "transitional"—Russia is intrinsically educational. In this particular aspect, the work of the schools finds its meaning expressed in words one often hears: "Nothing can be done with the older generation as a whole. Its 'ideology' was fixed by the older regime; we can only wait for them to die. Our positive hope is in the younger generation." But the office of the schools in creating a new "ideology" cannot be understood in isolation; it is part of a "reciprocal" operation. Political and economic changes and measures are themselves, during the present period, essentially educational; they are conceived of not only as preparing the external conditions for an ulterior Communistic regime, but even more as creating an atmosphere, an environment, favorable to a collectivistic mentality. The mass of the people is to learn the meaning of Communism not so much by induction into Marxian doctrines—although there is plenty of that in the schools—but by what is done for the mass in freeing their life, in giving them a sense of security, safety, in opening to them access to recreation, leisure, new enjoyments and new cultivations of all sorts. The most effective propaganda, as the most effective education, is found to be that of deeds which raise the level of popular life, making it fuller and richer, while associating the gains as indissolubly as possible with a "collective" mentality.

I may perhaps best sum up the difference between my Leningrad and Moscow impressions by saying that in the latter place the notion of the present as a "transition" took on a new significance. My feeling when I left Leningrad, put baldly, was that the Revolution was a great success, while Communism was a frost. My experience in Moscow did not alter the latter impression to the extent of convincing me that there is in practice any more actual Communism than I had supposed that there was. But those experiences convinced me that there is an enormous constructive effort taking place in the creation of a new collective mentality; a new morality I should call it, were it not for the aversion of Soviet leaders to all moral terminology; and that this endeavor is actually succeeding to a considerable degree—to just what extent, I cannot, of course, measure.

Thus the "transition" appears to be in considerable degree a fact. Towards what it is a transition seems to me, however, a still wholly undetermined matter. To the orthodox Marxian, the goal is, of course, certain; it is just the Communistic institutions his special philosophy of history requires. But personally, I am strongly of the impression that the more successful are the efforts to create a new mentality and a new morality of a coöperative social type, the more dubious is the nature of the goal that will be attained. For, I am wholly inclined to believe, this new attitude of mind, in just the degree in which it is really new and revolutionary, will create its own future society according to its own desires and purposes. This future society will undoubtedly be highly unlike the regime characteristic of the western world of private capital and individual profit. But I think the chances are that it will be equally unlike the society which orthodox Marxian formulæ call for.

I hope the tone of what I have written makes it clear that I am dealing with impressions rather than with matters capable of any objective proof. I can readily understand that I may put a higher estimate on the value and validity of my personal impressions than I can expect anyone else to do. But even if my impressions are not only inadequate, which they are sure to be, but also quite wrong, I feel bound to record the one impression which my contacts in Moscow wrote most indelibly in my mind: the final significance of what is taking place in Russia is not to be grasped in political or economic terms, but is found in change, of incalculable importance, in the mental and moral disposition of a people, an educational transformation. This im-

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pression, I fear, deviates widely from the belief of both the devotees and the enemies of the Bolshevik regime. But it is stamped in my mind and I must record it for what it is.

JOHN DEWEY.

(In Dr. Dewey's fourth article, he discusses Russian education as it exists today.)

Now Go on with the Story

LIKE everybody else in the world, Elmer Durkin, Woppington's misleading citizen, had the one true explanation of the Republican landslide. On the night after the disaster he offered this freely to Chester A. Donner, the reliable druggist.

"The post mortems are all in," said the newsdealer. "I've listened to gloats, squawks and alibis till I'm mushy in the bean, but I'm the only guy that knows the answer."

"I was afraid that would happen," said Mr. Donner.

"Smith tipped his mitt and Hoover kept everything under his lid. What elected Herby was idle curiosity. They had to pick him to find out what kind of a bird he was."

"Sounds like a bum theory to me."

"Wait till I tell you. Take Al first and see where he nose-dived. Between the papers and Pete Boyle's squawk box, I got all there was of Al and I wish I had a smacker for every time he said: 'I'll tell you where I stand in plain, simple language.' That's what he did nothing else but. He slapped his face-cards on the mahogany and asked: 'Can you better these any?' That was his story and he stuck to it and I thought it was wowing the customers. You can chalk that as a bobble. A bozo that peddles fifty-seven varieties of foolish fiction has no alibi for booting that one.

"The open-face line was good once, but it's not so hot any more. Now we are goofy about dick stories, flicker thrillers, serial comic strips, cross-word puzzles and Cal Coolidge. A hot shivery mystery melo will pack 'em in for thirty-five weeks on the Main Stem with four ham troops touring the tanks. The trade doesn't want facts but guessing matches.

"Al had about everything the editor blurbs about when he ladles out the butter—realism, color, action, dialect and comic relief. Everything but suspense—that was his weakness. He spilled all he knew and didn't leave the fans any problems to work. If you got him in the loudies maybe you noticed that his spiel lost its kick some toward the finish. He had shot the whole works.

"The Happy Warrior kept burning over the hot ones. 'Well, what does the candidate mean by that, if anything?' Here was Herbert's comeback: 'For seven and a half years we have been an earthly paradise run by straight Republican angels.' 'Where were you,' asked the Public Nuisance, 'when those oil dips pulled all that rough stuff?' Mr. Hoover replied without a moment's hesitation: 'Maybe some day the G. O. P. will abolish poverty.' The River of Doubt—that was Herby all over. Old Man River he didn't say nothin'.

"But they jammed him so bad he had to spill a few thinks on water power. He took three shots at that, all different, and when he got through the Sherlock Holmeses were galloping around in rings gnawing their knuckles. I'm telling you, Chet, Hoover is the best thing that has been held here since the Hall-Mills case.

"Get a load of this; here's a Western that is worth two bits of any man's jack. A corn belter is parked in his ruined dump, see? waiting for the sheriff to bring the sour news. In the distance you can hear the boom of busting banks. There is a knock at the door and who is this handsome engineer that blows in? Who but Hoover. 'I will save you,' says Helpful Herb. 'How in the heck are you goin' to do that?' asks the peevy farmer. 'Here's how.' Continued in the March number.

"The hicks were not that way about Herby, but they took him just to see how he would come out.

"Just where did the cannydate stand on prohibition? The experiment was so noble it had to be worked out constructively. Kick in two hundred and sixty-six votes or better and it will all come out in Washington. Gripping, if you get what I mean.

"Hoover went to Boston and told those down-easter eggs that he would cure the dry-goods racket of what ailed it, if any. How would he do that little thing? 'Meet me at the old ruined woolen mill at midnight and I will tell all.'

"Jim Reed went yawping around the scenery that Hoover had been away so much he was practically a foreigner. All that bought him was to help make Herby a mysterious stranger.

"Look how the handy helpers did their stuff. Hughes was the big shot of this outfit, but he didn't clue us any how the hero was going to save the chee-ild. Borah said Hoover was Aunty Saloon League's favorite nephew, and the Herald Trib said he was the only living wet hope. Write your own ticket. The scrub teams went out in the bushes spilling the dirt on Al's inner life. Old Doc Work was noisy on all topics except those of interest to the human race. Moses built up a nifty little trade in Popish plots and had the goofs goggle-eyed all over the kerosene circuit. Uncle Charley Curtis stood on the red-hot issues of the gay nineties. The White House came across with a nice, chatty letter: 'H. H.—O. K.—C. C.' No G. O. P. speaksman, hot or cold, ever sank so low as to spill us Herbert's sweet secret. They shed billions of words, but no light.

"We front-paged that baby for four months and he came out a total stranger with a poker face buttoned from ear to ear. He is the niftiest side-stepper now showing and I take off my lid to him.

"You know how it is, yourself, Chet. If the

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come-ons knew what was in a prescription, you could never nick 'em for two berries a throw.

"Around twenty million curiosity seekers took a chance on the Hoover racket yesterday, every guy backing his own hunch. Twenty million guessers can't be right. Now go on with the story."

Mr. Donner felt a horrible suspicion stealing over him.

"Maybe we'll never find out at all."

"If we don't get the answer in the next chapter," said Elmer, "they will gyp us for another instalment. Boy! Is that a system!"

FELIX RAY.

Isadora Duncan

ISADORA herself said that she was not Greek, not traditional European in her nature and art, but American. Her pioneer ancestors going in covered wagons to California, the skies there, the wind, the broad lands, the western ocean, the Indians, the cowboys and Walt Whitman, all went to the creation of her art. "The big way in which she conceived things," Mr. Max Eastman says in one of the forewords to the essays, "and undertook them, and the way she succeeded with them, was American. Even her faults were American—her passion for 'pulling off stunts'—'gestures' is the way she would say it—was American. She played with publicity like a humorous Barnum. Even her extravagant and really bad irresponsibility, which went almost to the point of madness in late years, was in the reverse sense an American trait. It was an exaggerated reaction against American 'righteousness.'" That passage is a comment on Isadora Duncan's relation to the press. Some of it was her fault, much of it not, but no artist was ever more foolishly and cheaply presented by the cheaper journalism of our time. During her last visit to America, with her Russian husband and post-war Soviet connections, the report of her in some of our newspapers was beneath all contempt, an outrageous level of poor jokes and dirty implications.

It would be expected, however, that this woman who sent her fame over the civilized world, revolutionized dancing and thereby affected our entire theater, who loved, wrote, did magnificent or foolish or extravagant things year after year, and made herself the apostle of theories such as not many could understand and few feel comfortable before, would be a hard subject for reporters and humdrum critics. Publicly, then, there would be a lowering in such a woman's quality. So free and powerful a nature, as it strikes and excites the world of men, will be seen by them according to what they are themselves, each one in his own character, as Euripides said of Dionysos. It is a good thing, then, that this admirable, necessary book ("The Art of the Dance," by Isadora Duncan: Theater Arts, Inc., New York), finely edited by Mr. Sheldon Cheney, has appeared. In these essays and notes Isadora Duncan speaks for herself, not in any caprice, high spirits, or antic disposition in the public view, but out of that sense of art, beauty, mission and the passionate absorption of her search for her own truth, that carried her through her astounding career.

Besides that part of it that is by Isadora Duncan, this volume contains an introductory essay by the editor and seven forewords by Raymond Duncan, Margherita Duncan, Mary Fanton Roberts, Shaemas O'Sheel, Max Eastman, Eva Le Gallienne and Robert Edmond Jones. In some respects these attempts to say something around the name of a great artist whose work is being, in a sense, commemorated thereby, provide an interesting problem in themselves. Some of them are good, some bad, in part at least. Sometimes the writer is haunted by his own egotism, or halted and falsified by a pose that comes into his mood as he writes. Sometimes he talks nonsense, hectic reverberations of something that Isadora may have preached not too cogently, but could, nevertheless, dance truly enough. Sometimes there are sheer flights of hot statement, nonsense such as when one talks of getting cured of the disease of civilization. Sometimes the problem is solved, and sometimes it is not solved, of how we shall record in words some of the essence of the thing we speak of. Sometimes the writer is led to use his divinity not for her own, but for his causes. But whatever else may be true, it is clear that here are seven people who have felt the impact and release of a magnificent, fecundating spirit, and that they speak, finely or poorly, out of the abundance that they possess within them, just as the artists whose drawings of Isadora Duncan we see in this collection, Bourdelle, Rodin, Bakst and the rest, felt the necessity to express what she stirred in them.

The writings by Isadora Duncan consist of essays, speeches, passages from her copious and burning notebooks, from program notes and letters, from any source, that is, in which she—knowing all the while, as she did, that one explains the dance better by dancing than by publishing treatises—set down her ideas in words. Reading these pages will do much to correct the widespread notion that Isadora was all emotion and impulse in her conclusions, and will exhibit an instance of how a violent and wilful mind may be also one that is strong and free and fructifying. Time and again these pages are brilliant, nearly always they have a curious dance of the spirit by which their rhythm is established. They dispel entirely the common conception of her art as a return to the Greek dance; she used her Greek studies as a means toward a return to the study of nature, as they had studied it. These writings elucidate her doctrine of the ideal human development as the highest intellect in the freest body. She can fight in many directions for her cause, plead for the education of children, scorch and burn what is hollow and vulgar. Now and again she must have surprised her hearers—"Often," she says, "when people have questioned my morals, I have answered that I consider myself extremely moral because in all my relations I have only made movements which seem beautiful to me."

She can write with point, or with beauty:

"The movement of waves, of winds, of the earth is ever the same lasting harmony. We do not stand on the beach and inquire of the ocean what was its movement in the past and what will be its movement in the future. We realize that the movement peculiar to its nature is eternal to its nature. The movement of the free animals and birds remains always in correspondence to their nature, the necessities and wants of that nature, and its correspondence to the earth nature."

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"Richard Wagner re-found the drama, but he mistook the role of the Chorus, or at least he transferred it to the characters."

In the "Bacchæ" the characters "are not the intoxication itself, but only beings under the influence of that intoxication, moved by an emotion of which they cannot attain the essence."

"I also then dreamed of finding a first movement from which would be born a series of movements without my volition, but as the unconscious re-action of the primary movement. I had developed this movement in a series of different variations on several themes, such as the first movement of fear, followed by the natural re-actions born of the primary emotion, or Sorrow, from which would flow a dance of lamentation, or a love movement from the unfolding of which like the petals of a flower the dancer would stream as a perfume."

"Children understand. It is only necessary to say to them: 'Listen to the music with *your soul*. Now, while you are listening, do you not feel an inner self awakening deep within you—that it is by its strength that your head is lifted, that your arms are raised, that you are walking slowly toward the light?'"

The limitations, when it comes to the full bent of her ideas and doctrines, are such as are inevitable in the use of words, and doubly so when there is a matter of Dionysiac enthusiasm or prophetic statement. Isadora Duncan herself knew this, or knew at least that she spoke best through her own proper art. And it is true that many temperaments that are such as to carry the torch and gather followers are given to utterances a trifle foolish though no less sublime. Something of the Dionysian abandon and excess that lies in their sayings pours over into men's hearts perhaps. I once heard a distinguished sculptor in a speech make the astonishing remark, "My friends, I give you my word we are immortal." In one of his works we see man's two natures struggling together, and in that struggle there is implied this experience of fighting for the side of us that we feel to be deathless. The sculpture makes sense. But to give us his word about immortality is another matter. What happens, then, when Isadora says she sees "the whole world dancing," and like sayings, is that the statement is not convincing as either good sense or exact prophecy. But her statement is, nevertheless, an instance of the thing she prophesies, as she herself is a superb moment in its fulfillment. We may accept that sort of talking, then, without fear of insulting our reason. It is not so necessary to believe in an ardent prophecy as to perceive a deep manifestation of life.

I never saw Isadora Duncan but once, and that in one number only; it was her dance of the Marseillaise, on some occasion that otherwise did not belong to her; but—quite apart from the evidence of her autobiography—I am willing to take the evidence of audiences and of artists everywhere as to her greatness. There is something in almost too many of these artist admirers that I myself do not trust, they are not for my own particular tastes—Rodin, for instance, who, for all his gifts, never arrives at anything that I should want to see for a long time or to revisit. Isadora's own admiration for Whitman, what Mr. Cheney calls so happily the "Whitmanesque affirmation," unnerves me for a brief moment at least. Whitman has passages that seem to me perfection; he has reams of impossible prose and bathos, and he has places that thrill us once, will not bear rereading, and remain finally as tones and implications that we remember in order to live with more wonder and courage. These places I could not, without boredom, read again; I know this with my head, but it does not keep my heart from glowing because of having once read them.

I am led, therefore, to feel that for my taste there were edges, passages, tendencies in Isadora Duncan's art that I should have mourned as unsatisfactory, however much I might have felt her fire and genius. And yet that might not have been so. We are told she never quite reproduced anything, though its name was repeated on many programs, but drew every dance freshly from within. And there, of course, the art of the dance has its advantage, since it is never solidified or preserved, but lives always in the moment of the dancer's presence. There may well have been in every dance of hers the inner glow and marvelous urgency that made all alive and beautiful, and that made it possible for an artist like Mr. Robert Edmond Jones to write that to see her dance was to realize the essence and soul of art.

It would seem that this great artist had a concentration and power of life within, whose force gave it its due form, as a crystal has from the start its due crystallization. Her nature, then, had this restraint inherent in itself. In such a nature will be given to the soul freedom, and to the will the lines of control proper to itself. This bears on that education by art that she talked about, that function of dancing which, as she saw it, was a means of perfecting the body and liberating the mind and senses. What she and her friends said about this may not always make sense, but the point itself makes a sense that is even biological—we can learn it from the horse, whose strong growth depends on his freedom to achieve the form that will distinguish him from other animals; and it is physical—as the earth, out of its fullness and the principles eternal to its substance, achieves its natural character and its will.

In the same way all the ideas that possess her largely, and that keep returning when she talks and writes, make perfect sense. All that prepossession, throughout her theory and her life, about her movements being based on the movement of the waves, of trees as they sway in the wind, of the flight of birds in the air and the motion of diverse animals, is simple truth—I remember the first time I saw the slow moving-pictures of horses racing or leaping and of athletes, I was reminded constantly of flowers, until I seemed at length to be watching, literally, only the varied opening, and the forms, of flowers. When she speaks of the Greek Chorus, the great impersonality of its soul, stirred, but never despairing, she rests on the history of human nature and time as they have worked together. When she says that the Tragic Chorus fulfills a place between the tragedy and the audience, we might add —exactly as between us and the darkness and mystery of the universe around and of men's souls; we have the earth and our visible life upon it; between us and the tragic beyond, these appear, and serve to interpret, to distract or harmonize or calm, or to provide luminous rhythms for our thought.

STARK YOUNG.

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Off New York: July, 1919

THE hours were running smoothly with the homing ship, and in that calm summer evening, the sea scarcely breathed. The silver sun dipped, sent a silver path along the blue and sank at the end of its path, spreading its yellows and reds, which the night took. And in those waters, where horizons were empty, one felt already the presence of home—of the Highlands, the beach at Seabright—there at the end of two years one would see them, after the dry tempered fields of Champagne, ploughed over with so many conflicts; the yellow long-windowed *châteaux,* sunk so deep in their countrysides; the dense gray façades of Paris, with their faded and abolished magnificence—with which the mind was still colored and laden. There they had been all the time, the bathers and the bright summer shore: it was like something remembered from a dream which one was stirred with joy and surprise at feeling imminent in reality.

It was night: the yellow star of a lighthouse was winking in the black—it did not seem like the play of a machine, but like a deliberate human signal—and then there appeared a lightship spangled with stars. A small launch came up beside us and sent out some men in a boat: they transacted their business quickly, rowed immediately back to the launch and were pulled up in their boat with such promptness that it seemed to leap over the side. One heard American voices: what vivid satisfaction and relief, beyond any expectation, to find the American way of doing things! A bed of lights appeared on the water: it seemed incredible, after two years of France, that that should be Coney Island! There was land on either side: we were off Long Island now. There were trees and lawns on the shore, and large white American houses, with here and there a lighted window, set along a little hill that sloped down to the water—and each of the houses had its boat-house and its little pier. Now soon one was to walk in such houses—to play one's part again in that life hidden there behind those lighted windows, in that life grown now so strange and yet the life of home.

There came to us a sudden sweet smell through the calm summer evening: trees and flowers; the summer grass; the luxuriance and rankness of America. And then, as the ship passed on, a smell even more unmistakable, a smell even more of home, surrounded and saturated us: it was the rotten salty smell of the river, the grease, the sour heat and the smoke of the factories. One could see them there through the dark, occasionally disturbing the blackness with an eruption of red. Tonight on Riverside Drive, the benches would be full of couples, and there would come over from the Jersey bank the hot, heavy fumes of glue-factories.

Then suddenly, one almost caught one's breath, one was strangely moved by the sight of a solitary street-lamp on the Staten Island shore. It shed a loose and livid light on a few feet of the baldish road of some dark, thinly settled suburb. Above it there loomed an abundant and disorderly tree. There was America under that street-lamp, in that raw and whitish light!—Then from behind those shadowy lawns, one heard the moan of an American train, and then its faint bell, and the swift shuffling sounds of its progress. It was speeding with eagerness to American cities at night—far, perhaps—to the farthest reaches of a continent without frontiers. There had been a petulance and a sadness in the piping of French locomotives—they spoke always of the dead hours of dawn, the carloads of wounded men. But these were bringing soldiers home, and far from Europe, at night.

The last night of clean decks and narrow bunks, the last night of clean, bare cabins. It passed soon. Off South Brooklyn, at anchor, we saw the smoky rose of the dawn come up over the black roofs of the city. The river traffic was waking with soft puffs and toots; the colors began to come out on the vermilion stacks of the steamers. The gray sides of a battleship were clear: it was presently swarmed with white-suited sailors. We put down a motor-boat, which set out as soon as it reached the water with the swiftness of a dog unleashed: a blue sailor, standing at the tiller and negligently and gracefully leaning with the tilt of the boat, guided it with easy boldness in wide, free curves.

All about us now rose the coughing and sneezing of the varied craft, fully waked up for the day: ferry-boats and tugs; a tiny motor-boat darting like a water-bug; railroad barges floating freight-cars: Delaware and Lackawanna; New York, New Haven and Hartford—all those dear square names of home!

The shore was moving: we passed a little island with grass and trees and low white buildings, where soldiers in khaki were grooming horses or standing in their shirts with bare arms at the edge of the water. To the left, there began the first thickets of the forest of masts. That was the beginning of the harbor: in a moment, the sky would be crowded, and one would behold, above the docks and the shipping, the towers of the town!

EDMUND WILSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Equal Work and Equal Pay

SIR: My attention has just been called to your editorial comment in the issue of October 10 upon the action of the National Woman's party in opposing the candidature of Governor Smith because of his opposition to equal rights for women in industry. You defend Governor Smith's support of legislation "limiting weekly working hours and night work for women," and declare that "women's trade unions, social workers, and social scientists are virtually a unit in supporting such laws, for the simple reason that they prevent certain indefensible forms of exploitation of the labor of women, who are less well organized than men, and thus less capable of protecting themselves against deleterious practices in industry." It may interest you and your readers to learn that here in England we have watched the gallant fight of the National Woman's party for equal industrial rights with the greatest interest. Our own experience has shown us that the only adequate protection of women lies in giving them equal conditions of work and equal pay. Under a system by which women wage-earners are "protected" by a series of restrictions based not upon the nature of work but on sex, women are still at the bottom of the wage market, the worst-paid and, as you, sir, acknowledge, the least organized section in the industrial community.

"Protection" in the form of restrictions on women was first advocated in this country by men in the days when women were voteless. The first English Women's Trade Union League organized

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by working women consistently opposed legislative sex restrictions. Experience has proved that prohibition of night work means loss of well paid employment to hundreds of women. In this country the newly developing industry of women electrical engineers has been crippled by night-work prohibitions. In 1927, at the International Conference of Trade Union Women in Paris, Mrs. Wisborg of Sweden, Women Workers' Delegate opposing "protective" legislation, stated that a whole class of well paid women had been driven out of the printing trade completely by restrictions.

In this country the more important professional women's organizations work for equal conditions of employment, such as the National Union of Women Teachers, the Federation of Women Civil Servants, the Women Engineers and the Women's Electrical Association, the Open Door Council, the Women's Freedom League, and St. Joan's Social and Political Alliance (the Roman Catholic women's organization) and this Society, and have all taken a firm stand on this matter.

This October, at York, the National Council of Women of Great Britain at its Annual Conference, at which 800 delegates represented women's societies of every kind and occupation, passed by an overwhelming majority a resolution demanding that in industrial legislation all regulations and restrictions in regard to conditions of work should apply equally to men and women.

Englishwomen are realizing that without equal conditions of work equal pay is almost impossible. Low pay handicaps adequate organization, and ill-organized, low-paid labor will always be liable to exploitation. The only real protection for women lies in equal pay and improved organization, and we congratulate the National Woman's party on their championship of this principle.

RHONDDA,
Chairman, Six Point Group.

London.

A Change in Miss Millay?

SIR: Almost without exception the critics of Miss Millay's recent book of poems, "The Buck in the Snow," have failed to discern a new note in her writing. They have missed the approach offered in Part II—the group of poems that fall naturally together in a dedication to Sacco and Vanzetti.

Here is foreshadowed the change. Here is something not characteristic; failure to express clearly the completeness of vision at the instant of perception, together with the inadequacy of accepted construction to record it.

Miss Millay's life, like that of any other artist, is not marked by events but by sensations, and to Miss Millay, the criminal injustice of the trial and execution of Sacco and Vanzetti has influenced the whole range of her thought and feeling. Certain poems that she was writing or carrying in her mind at this time are easily recognized as part of the subtle change and development.

Three well known poets who reviewed "The Buck in the Snow" showed their disappointment in frank and friendly criticism of her latest effort. Miss Babette Deutsch said in the New Republic:

> How is it, then, that this latest volume, which shows her instrument tuned to no new key, her throat still musical, is a disappointment?
>
> The secret of the trouble seems to be that the poet has already said all that she has to say, that now her utterance is redundant.

Fair enough, if it were not discouraging to find that a poet of Miss Deutsch's distinction is unable to recognize the difficult turning point. On reading the poem, "To a Musician," she should instinctively feel that "here is a change, there a difference." Or, on reading "Justice Denied in Massachusetts," that this is the reason for the change!

What the poet Edna St. Vincent Millay felt in the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti has become a part of her vision and in time will be crystallized in poetry of such terrible beauty as we have only glimpsed in a few of her incomparable sonnets.

The critics will not have long to wait before they write, "Miss Millay has fulfilled the promise of her earlier poems," forgetting quite that they denied her in failing to divine the change.

Because "The Buck in the Snow" shows the beginning of this change it will remain a memorable book.

M. C.

New York City.

In Great Britain Also

SIR: The extremely valuable article by Hilda Ageloff, entitled "The Third Degree," which appeared in your issue of November 7, is marred by some serious misstatements in the concluding paragraph. I refer to the following (p. 324):

> In England the police are prohibited from cross-examining prisoners. Even if the accused makes a voluntary statement, he is not questioned except to clarify ambiguous sentences. Thus the police have nothing to do with the prisoner after his arrest, except to put him in the hands of the prosecuting attorney. . . . If we had in this country the civilization that they have in England, there would be no such thing as so-called "statements" of this kind.

With the case of Miss Savidge, to which the American press devoted so much space, fresh in mind, it is really amazing that anyone can write an account so travestying current English procedure. Allow me to quote from a book shortly to be published in London by Williams and Norgate: "A New Way with Crime," by A. Fenner Brockway:

> One necessary reform is to end the police practice of examining suspected persons for a prolonged period and of extracting "voluntary" statements from them. The police were given authority during the War under the Defense of the Realm Act Regulations to insist upon any person accompanying them to a police station for examination. This practice has been maintained since the War on a basis supposedly voluntary, but the ordinary man or woman does not venture to challenge the request of the police (p. 110).
>
> The police should be prohibited from examining suspected persons except in the presence of a solicitor (p. 160).

This means that in England persons can be, and are, taken into custody and questioned without being under arrest, without, that is, the formality of a warrant. Of course, persons arrested in due form are also questioned by the police in the absence of witnesses, as in America. Mr. Fenner Brockway gives an instance of this on page 111 of his book. But where England outdoes America is with regard to merely suspected persons. Further, there is in England a police custom of making a man in custody run between a double file of policemen facing inwards, the policemen striking him with their belts as he passes.

In such circumstances, is it wise to say, as Hilda Ageloff says: "If we had in this country the civilization they have in England?"

MONTGOMERY BELGION.

New York City.

Not Severity, but Certainty

SIR: I must object to two statements in the review of Judge Marcus Kavanagh's book, "The Criminal and His Allies," by Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, in the Supplement of October 10.

In one case Professor Barnes asserts that throughout the book "the old shibboleth of summary justice and *severe* punishment is rendered adulatory homage as the unfailing panacea for criminality." In another case he speaks of "the Judge's sacred superstition of *severe* punishment for crimes."

In matters of opinion a reviewer has a perfect right to his own, but matters of fact are another matter. A difference of view on the merits of the Sacco-Vanzetti case should not blind Professor Barnes to Judge Kavanagh's perfectly plain position, that it is not severity of punishment, but certainty of punishment, that is needed to reduce crime. He says it throughout the book. On page 247 he writes: "Not greater severity of justice, but celerity, certainty and finality of justice are needs of the hour in American courts."

RICHARD LEE STROUT.

Washington, D. C.

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The Censor and His Snark

To the Pure . . ., a Study of Obscenity and the Censor, by Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle. New York: The Viking Press. 336 pages. $3.

THE argument of this book is one that no candid soul can read without assent and commendation. It is wise, it is well informed, and it is passionate for truth and right-dealing on the theme of sex in literature. It provides the indignation which the exercise of the censorship periodically arouses with more secure ground than the liberal intuition and more valid reasons than the opinion current concerning this or that opus assaulted by the police power. Hence it is a book that the holders and users of this power could read to no less advantage than their victims, and the public with the same advantage as both.

Having said this, I must add that the book does seem to me an argument and not analysis, a forensic rather than a scientific document. The authors have too much the air of arguing a foregone conclusion, whereas the mere existence of the censorship indicates that there is another side, which is the censor's, and which is often widely grounded in public sentiment. Failure to do justice to that side is a contribution toward strengthening it, and a few *obiter dicta* to the effect that the "state of our own neuroses . . . determines where one would draw the line" between what is obscene and what is not do not do the censorship justice. Neither does the perfectly correct observation that the sex-censorship is a modern police activity and is used more often than not as a device against radicalism in other matters than sex. It is true that there is no fixed criterion for the obscene. It does take all shapes from *ma* to *mahi* which change and perish all, while It remains. It is true that the obscene refuses to be limited to evil consequences and that if all the facts were known, it might appear that its good consequences outweigh the evil—"that it is only our prurience which makes us assume that unlawful pleasures will be the consequence. An obscene book may very well lead a hesitant reader to the highly social act of marriage." And it is true that for these reasons an artist or critic is no safer judge of the obscene than a policeman, a postmaster, or a comstocker. The thing is protean, varying with place and time and circumstance, so that every judgment gets falsified and all regulation is full of contradictions. The Censor's every Snark is a Boojum.

Of what interest, however, and what ideals of our civilization, are these things not true? They hold equally of murder and religion, of property and piety. The important fact about them is not that they are vague and variable, but that each generation finds in one or another item of its phase of their vaguenesses and varieties something that calls for the public or private exercise of police power. What is this something, and why? The answer Messrs. Ernst and Seagle give does not seem to me to be sufficient. They hold that legal obscenity is the direct heir of heresy and treason, supplementing and replacing them as a tool of the State in its endeavor to keep the individual in subjection. Censorship followed the invention of printing which made books accessible to the general public. It checked heresy when the Church dominated, treason when the absolutist State dominated; it attacked sex first in those societies that were most democratized and secularized: "the sex censorship is a result of the secularization of life"; "in evolving the politically free man, the life-force made him a sexually inhibited one." This is why it starts in England and develops most vigorously in the United States.

But this, if true, is only partly true. Ireland, which has won to political liberty only a few years ago, is, as our authors note, "even more pudibund than England." So is Poland. So, in its basic mores, is Spain. These three are Catholic countries, and their attitude toward sex is parallel to the attitude of the Catholics in the United States. The attitude reflects that of the Church, and the churchly preoccupation with sex came with the purifications of the counter-reformation. In many ways Catholic puritanism is more particularly passionate than Protestant. From his pronouncements it can be seen that the supreme pontiff has nothing on the Roach Stratons except good form and good manners. Both use the secular arm, when they can, to impose their views; neither cares about the secular arm except as a tool. And this holds generally for the individual initiators of the sex-censorship, their organized successors and the public whose sentiment so often enables them to prevail in Dublin or in Boston. I doubt whether even Messrs. Ernst and Seagle would argue that Lord Campbell, who fathered sex-censorship in England, or Anthony Comstock, whose litter it is in the United States, were animated, so far as they themselves knew, by any but the noblest and most philanthropic motives. Their conscious purposes, we are asked by implication to believe, were grounded on neuroses; but if everybody who finds a thing obscene has a neurosis, neuroses will hardly distinguish vice-crusaders from the rest of us, and will certainly serve to cut their interest off from those of the State. If the State often vindicates them, it sometimes rejects them. As in so many other fundamentals, it is first called in to replace private vengeance by public justice; that this generally leads to injustice must be credited to the well known perversity in the nature of things. And aren't we all subject to this perversity?

Private vengeance for obscenity implies that obscenity hurts. And this is the crux of the matter. There *are* such psychological traits as modesty and shame, and these *can* be violated and hurt. Our authors make mention of the sense of shame, and of the German law that refers to wounding it. I wish they had found it worth while to study shame's nature and works. They would have found that the sex-censorship as a social mechanism, with its private and public agencies, its uses (few, perhaps), and abuses (notoriously many), is an institution no less normally grounded than property or marriage, and gets its force from the basic emotion in defense of which it arose; public clamor, not police initiative, is what led to the closing of "The Captive" last year. Everybody knows *what* shame is and everybody knows *when* his modesty has been violated. But the things which violate modesty and arouse the feeling of shame are hardly ever the same, two times running. For this reason the actual practice of censorship is involved in a chaos of paradoxes and contradictions. The uses to which it is put by the perverse, the greedy, the oppressors, further complicate its status and multiply its sins. But until the sense of shame is abolished, censorship will endure. For this reason the antidote against it is not legislation but organization. Sooner or later the most impartial law comes to be used as an instrument of oppression. I quite agree with Messrs. Seagle and Ernst that liberty with danger is to be preferred to censorship with security, but the price of liberty is still an eternal vigilance committee, and freedom from the censorship is possible only through the existence of an anti-censorship, which shall be able to direct the sense of shame upon the censorship itself. To the cause of liberty and decency the exposure of the censorship is more important

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than its repression. The value of "To the Pure" lies far less in the legislation it recommends than in the contribution it makes to such exposure. *Exposez l'infâme* is here the battle-cry of freedom. H. M. KALLEN.

Business and Empire

Conquest, America's Painless Imperialism, by John Carter. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 348 pages. $2.50.

THERE are two chapters in this book worth reading. They are entitled "The Struggle for World Trade" and "Empire on the Instalment Plan." The thesis is as follows: By reason of its natural resources and mass production the United States has created a vast economic machine whose ramification extends throughout the world. The National City Bank has 106 branches in twenty-three foreign countries; the General Motors Corporation has 106 branches in 104 nations. The Paramount-Famous Players-Lasky Corporation peddles the movies around the world. We sold 65,000 electric fans and 52,000 enameled lavatories to foreign purchasers in 1926. "Year by year, American business is conquering new provinces and organizing their economic life so as to forestall competition and preclude commercial fluctuation." The American machine rides rough-shod over the old world culture. We export goods; we export dollars; we export tourists; the tourist "is a servant of economic empire and a means of expanding American commerce." (And what about the trade in Paris divorces?)

If Mr. Carter had started his book with these two chapters, and then asked himself the questions: "Where are we going? What does it all mean?" the book might have landed us somewhere. But he does not do this. He perhaps nibbles at the problem when he states that this economic influence will not lead to "imperialism" if we watch ourselves. But nowhere does he coherently point out the dangers in the path and tell how they may be sidestepped. In a book of this sort one would like to know first of all what imperialism is, whether the United States has got it, and finally whether it is a pleasant or an unpleasant thing to have. Instead of moving along in a well ordered piece of "speculative interpretation," as the author calls his book, Mr. Carter tangles himself up with definitions of principles and makes solemn sentences about "centers of world power," "autonomous nationalism," and "secondary zones of sea power." We are frequently confronted with sentences such as this: "The separation of business and state must be considered as a major foreign policy of the United States." Why foreign? He cannot mean that the government should not support business abroad, because he dwells at length upon the great "contribution" of Messrs. Kellogg, Hughes and Coolidge to international law, namely, the export of the Fourteenth Amendment to those countries where American capital resides. This is the real issue in the whole problem. But it is a problem which Mr. Carter blissfully ignores. The issue is whether or not we are to enforce our interpretation of property rights and of police power upon the remainder of the world, or whether we are to accept the jurisdiction and interpretations of international tribunals. One cannot tell whether Mr. Carter is for or against imperialism. Nevertheless, in spots he becomes critical. Messrs. Hughes and Kellogg have been the burly boys who have drummed up the trade. But they have not been business men; they have been lawyers, and Mr. Carter does not like lawyers. Hughes and Kellogg have been "legalistic, quibbling . . . argumentative and evidential, rather than firm, tolerant and wise." He recognizes that the Havana Conference "came close to being a repudiation of the United States, by the Latin-American republics." These comments are interesting if vitriolic, but they don't fit into any scheme. And without a scheme, a book of "speculative interpretation" makes hard reading.

R. L. BUELL.

Pickle or Salon?

The American Renaissance, by R. L. Duffus. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 320 pages. $3.50.

THIS book is a rather too dispassionate but an interesting survey of art education in America, the result of an investigation undertaken as part of the fine-arts program of the Carnegie Corporation of New York City. Such instruction, whether in universities, professional schools or schools for amateurs, must be colored by one of two feelings about art, that it is a way of earning one's living or a way of living.

The title is justified in the section "Art and the Craftsman" by its presentation of the schools of the industrial arts. For "A chasm parts the artist and the craftsman with unfortunate consequences for both. The one is too far removed from common life, the other too frequently its docile slave." Mr. Duffus pays tribute to the fine integrity of good workmanship when he aptly supplements Julius Meier-Graefe's "Artists have a right to be idiots; they owe it to themselves" by this: "But an architect, a furniture-maker, a silversmith, cannot be quite an idiot, for his houses must stand up, his chairs carry weight, his vases hold water." The wider significance of the industrial arts Mr. Duffus puts well:

> Dear old William Morris, with his pre-Raphaelite beard, tried to make even wall-paper beautiful. But, which was far more significant, the machine system, the industrial regime, revealed here and there some symptoms of being about to give birth to an esthetics of its own. Trade schools became craft schools, craft schools showed signs of becoming art schools. More recently, industry itself has felt the need, in very self-defense, of cultivating the arts of design. This is a phase not only modern, but peculiarly American. Because it goes with the currents of the times, and not against them, it has vitality. It may be capable of rescuing art from eccentricity and the crafts from vulgarity.

If from these schools a man "may slip into some specialty of commercial still-life—he may spend his days drawing pickles," yet the genius will be hurt by their drill "perhaps no more than the discipline of the *bottegas* hurt the Florentines." The title is further justified when, in relation to the schools for amateurs, Mr. Duffus says: "This new adventure of seeing is the amateur's greatest exploit. The adventure of the fine arts may not lie primarily in any canvas, mural, statue or building. It may consist of a greater awareness of life, a more vigorous response to an environment."

The teaching of children is considered in this survey only in its examples in the museum classes. It is an unfortunate omission that its most significant examples in a small group of experimental elementary schools receive no recognition in such a survey. When even young pupils translate the perceptual values of daily living into arrange-

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ments of color and line as good as some of those shown in the exhibition at Gimbel's last spring and at the Parents' Exposition at Grand Central Palace, a further survey would be justified if the sources of an artistic renaissance are to be more fully explored. JEAN B. TEMPLE.

Zola

Zola and His Times, by Matthew Josephson. New York: The Macaulay Company. 558 pages. $5.

IN THE matter of biographies it is not always easy to apportion proper credit between the biographer and his subject. This, generally true enough, is perhaps especially the case for such a book as Mr. Josephson's "Zola," in which there is the minimum of that interpretation so highly prized by contemporary biographers; of which the subject himself is so vigorous and moving as the present; in which the author's sympathies are "with" rather than "against" his subject; and finally when the biography is written—as this one is—directly under the influence of the Master whom it depicts.

The present book is as far as possible from Mr. Josephson's earlier literary adventures; and, indeed, from all the current literary philosophy which divides almost by axiom between the good and the popular. Mr. Josephson, once affiliated with the esoteric Broom, has now written a book aimed full at the wider reading public. It was directly in its fate to be selected for distribution by the newest of the Book Clubs. And yet the work is not written to amuse, to relax the mind, nor even to educate factually. Rather it aims to excite, to awaken righteous passion, even—old-fashioned word—to ennoble.

The first part of the book, by far the worst, tells in a conventional manner the story of a budding genius who could not succeed in the prosaic and utilitarian training required for a professional career; and of a familiar, hungry, Latin-quarter period. But with the conception in Zola's mind of the books of the "Rougon-Macquart," the completion of which was to furnish him with nearly a life's work, this narrative takes fire: it alternately flames with triumphant admiration and smolders with the passion of the revolutionist. It is possible for Mr. Josephson to quote Zola as shrewdly creating publicity, or to describe him—in his own words—*as a bourgeois. But the fighter* always overcomes the publicist; the bourgeois may live in his heavy comfort only when there is no work for the hot and angry rebel who so readily displaces him.

It may have been, indeed, that Zola undertook the "Rougon-Macquart" series as a deliberate attempt at wealth and public greatness; it is unthinkable that "Nana" was written as a shocker or an item of pornographia. And if the great naturalist took up the cause of the Jew, Dreyfus, only after three years of sane consideration, and only when he realized its "dramatic possibilities," it is equally true that he gave to the cause wealth, security, public esteem—almost his life.

Much of Mr. Josephson's concern is with Zola's working technique. And this with entire justice. For Zola was without doubt a great master of verisimilitude—of transforming materials gathered from the life of the world about him into the equal truths of the life of the world that he created. His method of gathering material, of *knowing* masses and individuals, is an important part of himself. An appendix selected from Zola's notes has the qualities of an excellent textbook for the use of students of the craft of novel writing.

Mr. Robert S. Josephy has designed for the book a clear typography and an appropriate format: the publishers have manufactured it with dignity and bound it for permanence. In an edition published simultaneously by the Book League of America for distribution to subscribers, changes have been made which do not alter the matter, but correct in Mr. Josephson's style a certain rhetorical clumsiness and weight.

MELVIN P. LEVY.

The Publisher That Bothered Mr. Wilder

The Angel That Troubled the Waters, by Thornton Wilder. New York: Coward-McCann. 149 pages. $2.50.

MR. WILDER'S latest book will not be a best-seller. This may seem a rash prophecy, when you consider what an avalanche "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" turned out to be. The prediction, however, is not really rash.

This is a collection of what Mr. Wilder calls "three-minute plays." The form, which is reminiscent of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," satisfies the author's "passion for compression," he tells us, and "flatters [his] inability to sustain a long flight." Mr. Wilder, as every schoolboy knows, has lately been a schoolmaster. When the boys were safely in bed, and their exercises "indignantly" corrected, our author was in the habit of working at one of these little plays. He has been doing it for years: the first one in this book was written when he was himself a boy in school; the last three, we are told, are abreast of his latest intention. You will find here brevity, some wit, reverence, plenty of solemnity; these trialogues are readable, graceful often, sometimes amusing, very seldom moving, "everywhere not deep." This is to say nothing new of Mr. Wilder; and as yet nothing new can be said: for, though his intention may have taken an evangelistic turn, his language remains merely polite. The subjects of these tabloid dramas are religious, though occasionally, as the author confesses, their religious quality may be somewhat "dilute." Not even the most orthodox Christian could *object to such a sugaring of the pill; but this dilution* has weakened their very essence: even as literary hors d'œuvres they are thin stuff.

It is impossible not to say, therefore, that "The Angel That Troubled the Waters" is disappointing. "Disappointing" is hardly the word, in fact; in view of the almost universal applause which his second book aroused, and even more, the critical interpretations and beckonings it caused, we must now admit that somebody was very much mistaken about the nature of Mr. Wilder's talent. Strangely enough, it now appears to have been, not the public this time, but Mr. Wilder. Not satirical wood-cuts, but religious illumination, is the kind of work he would "most like to do well." His boldly stated ambition, to make his Muse the handmaid of the Church, will commend itself to many of his admirers, but may surprise more.

At any rate, it is a pity that this notebook for what must be a more solidly considered achievement should have been ripped untimely from him. It is a pity that his bad angel (for we will persist in thinking that his publisher is to blame) has been suffered to trouble prematurely the pool of his quiet talent.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

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The Younger Generation with a Difference

Coming of Age in Samoa: A Psychological Study of Primitive Youth for Western Civilization, by Margaret Mead. New York: William Morrow and Company. 297 pages. $3.

OUR MOST careful psychological studies and tests suffer a common limitation; they are pot-bound within the restrictions of our western civilization. Their roots are tightly circumscribed by the definitely fixed limitation of our tradition. We pile statistics upon statistics, and the logical doubt is still left that we may be studying, not ability, but ability to succeed in New York; not adolescence, but adolescence in America. From certain points of view, of course, it does not much matter; if I have my life to lead in New York and am a misfit, that is for me an ultimate fact, and even our educational policy may take note of the fact that the Italians, or introverts, or bilinguals, do not measure up. But we do not let it go at that. We set up the measurements of our pot-bound plant, the American-public-school-given I. Q., and we name it an abstract thing, the Human Intelligence.

In the matter of the psychological test we are becoming continually more canny, but we have not scrutinized in the same way our popular theories of adolescence. The studies that have been made have been all in the setting of the twentieth-century western world. Are the facts they so abundantly report due to the fixed characteristics of the life cycle, or to similar circumstances working over and over again to create like situations?

This is the problem Dr. Mead answers from the evidence of Samoa. As a Fellow in the Biological Sciences, of the National Research Council, she spent nine months in the most isolated islands of American Samoa, learning to know intimately in their own language the girls of three villages. And the upshot of the matter is that it is precisely at adolescence that the Samoan girl is at peace with the universe.

It is not any one simple variation of our own schemes that has brought about this different result. As Dr. Mead shows, some of the forces that have been at work, like the low evaluation of personality differences, are distasteful to us; and the most fundamental one of all, the simplicity of the choices open to the Polynesian girl, we could recapture only at the price of civilization itself. But the placing of the girl in the economic scheme, the systematic lowering of the effect of decisions, the handling of sex, are all full of that illumination that comes of envisaging very different possible ways of handling invariable problems.

Often enough we sigh with envy of their solutions. A family life fluid and casual enough to make impossible the morbid ingrowing affections with which our own civilization makes us familiar; where every growing child from the age of three can solve a difficulty by choosing another home for good and objective reasons; where baby-tending is never the work of adults, but all the social training of little girls comes to them through their responsibility for a younger child; where the child takes part in adult work and in adult play on equal terms with the older generation, so that it is unthinkable to him to parody play by mimicking adult concerns: all these arrangements and attitudes in family life these Samoans find natural and unquestionable, and, oppressed by our problems, we may well wish we knew the secret. We shall not find it, of course. But it is wholesome to turn our attention from the theory of the inevitable and biologically fixed causes of adolescent upheaval, to take note of the enormously variable social determinants that fashion our flexible human nature.

As Professor Boas says in his Foreword, most ethnological descriptions of primitive peoples give us almost no picture of the individual's problems and solutions in his own culture, and it is because in this book the representation has been reversed that we find answers to questions most ethnologists leave unanswered. Dr. Mead has sketched the suave and gracious background of Polynesian culture as it was interpreted in Samoa, but she has sketched it as it affects the life of the growing girl. It is culture not as a strange static scene, catalogued for reference, but existence as the individual lives it out and modifies it by his own life history, and readers who have rejected many accounts of primitive peoples may find this one to their liking.

Certainly those who are interested in the way in which the social environment can select and underscore now one, now another, of human potentialities, will find here much illustrative material intelligently presented. Is it possible, we ask ourselves, that a people can exist all of whose virtues are the social graces, who have in themselves so little violence, are so little concerned with mystery, with supernatural forces? For the Samoans live in the well charted seas of social amenities, and they take no notice of the regions that lie outside.

Not only is "Coming of Age in Samoa" challenging to the educator and to the parent of growing children, but the anthropological student of psychological problems among primitive peoples should not miss the program of research in the appendix with its due weight given to differences in culture, and the student of sex problems will find here an example of consistent cultural behavior in a society that develops no neuroses in its members. It is a book for which we have been waiting.

RUTH BENEDICT.

Fiction Notes

Toilers of the Hills, by Vardis Fisher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

MR. FISHER has won a literary triumph out of matter as recalcitrant as the Idaho hills, against which his people hurl themselves. This is the very apotheosis of the pioneer novel in its secondary, or growth-of-the-soil, stage. It is not the forest or the prairie or even the stony New England acres which defy human assault, but desert and drouth. These may be conquered by irrigation, and that theme has furnished plenty of novelists with exploits of engineering and battles over water rights. Dock Hunter is a dry farmer. He and his wife Opal struggle against drouth, weeds, pests, wind, cold, dirt (Opal's peculiar enemy) without the consolations of tragedy. Their life is a long agony relieved only by a kind of litany of pain. The psychology of profanity and nagging is perfectly illustrated. Words play a great part in this novel. The dialect of these northern hill dwellers reflects the stricken, stubborn earth whose unwelcome offspring they are: it is without the gentle ambient locutions of the Kentucky mountaineers. Mr. Fisher has brought a new speech into American fiction and made it an organic element in a new variation upon the essential American theme.

R. M. L.

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Strange Fugitive, by Morley Callaghan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

HARRY TROTTER is the average sensual man, who loses his job as foreman in a lumber yard and drifts through bootlegging into sudden death. His simple reactions to his wife, his home, his friends, his business and his pleasures are rendered explicitly and literally, from his own point of view, without relief of humor or pity. There is something almost disdainful in Mr. Callaghan's detachment, but it is an art which commands respect for its honesty and self-sufficiency—and its power of sheer, unflinching narrative.

The Vicar's Daughter, by E. H. Young. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER" presents the quiet interior of an English parsonage, disturbed by an odor of scandal, breathed by a suspicious enemy of the life-lie. The comedy of errors is of the slightest, but it affords opportunity to define rememberably the four characters involved. And the village world outside has the quality of Miss Young's backgrounds—a quality so evanescent as to seem almost unsought—the intimately local, dissolving into something strange and remote as in a fairy story.

Boy in the Sun, by Paul Rosenfeld. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.

A STORY of the childhood and youth of a Jewish boy in New York thirty years ago, with the complications of a family and racial situation which belong naturally to the theme. It is an intimate study, done with the understanding, sympathy and charm in which Mr. Rosenfeld is never lacking.

The Grandson, by Hildur Dixelius. Translated by Anne C. Seltergres. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

WITH this volume Mrs. Dixelius brings to a close her trilogy of a Swedish family in the early nineteenth century. The story begins with Sara Alelia, who, in "The Minister's Daughter," sinned and wrought out a stern repentance, and continues with Erik Anton in "The Son," and now with Erik's son, Per Olaf Unaens, the grandson, who inherited the flaming passionate heart of his grandfather. Indeed, the human spirit which burns with both sacred and carnal love against a background of relentless nature and rigid ecclesiastical formalism, makes the story one of universal truth amid highly local surroundings.

R. M. L.

The Coming of the Lord, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: Horace B. Liveright. $2.50.

IN "The Coming of the Lord" Miss Millin utilizes for her story the inhabitants of the town of Gibeon in South Africa, and concentrates on the people who for various reasons are cast among the inferiors in a social group. The Negro colony under the fanatic Aaron, who has taken a Bible promise seriously and is waiting with his 2,500 followers for its fulfillment, affects subtly and disturbingly the entire white town. Distrust and consequent persecution, however, are not confined to the Negroes, for the Jew, the German and the Hindu come equally under the ban. Even Duerdon, who brings things to a crisis, is motivated by the fact that he is a misfit. Miss Millin writes with a detached calmness which is undisturbed by the avalanche which descends upon her creatures. The book could be made by a few twists of language a diatribe against oppression, but it refrains, and is as a result an artistic performance which approaches perfection.

Pennagan Place, by Eleanor Chase. New York: J. H. Sears and Company. $2.50.

PENNAGAN PLACE" is the chronicle of a most interesting family headed by Giles Pennagan, who dominates his descendants, if not by roaring at them, then by attacking their weak points with a very few well chosen words. He is surrounded by children and grandchildren who possess in varying intensity his contempt for all conventions, his mastery of invective and his exaggerated sense of family loyalty. As a result there are no dull pages to skip. The only fault to be found is that Miss Chase, with so much vastly entertaining material at her disposal, did not make the book longer.

M. E. U.

Bright Metal, by T. S. Stribling. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

MESSRS. STRIBLING and Lewis should combine on a series featuring the female foes of Philistinism the country over. From Carol Kennicot in Gopher Prairie and Agatha Pomeroy in Lanesburg, Tennessee, we should go on to "Carol and Agatha in Boston, Mass.," etc., to the dangerous delight of sections omitted. Delight which would inevitably dwindle as the country was covered, but good for a long run—thanks to the extent of these benighted states. "Bright Metal" is the story of Agatha, enlightened New York actress, incredibly married to Calvin Pomeroy, provincial lout—and driven by the urge of *ennui* combined with outraged social sensibilities to the reform of her new environment. Equally powerful, though less obviously exalted, is the impulse inducing the local *amourette* which Agatha consummates with the complete emotional detachment of the truly civilized. Maternity (by good luck, legitimate) effects a metamorphosis, and after a single wavering gesture toward freedom, she returns, the voluntary captive of the home. There are, in the course of the book, occasional scenes that recall the descriptive power and human naturalness of "Teeftallow," but in the reviewer's opinion, this is not only lighter but duller metal.

D. B. W.

Contributors

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